

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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**SPECIAL
ISSUE**

**Canadians
Who Made a
Difference**

The 15th Annual Honour Roll

- ♦ Barenaked Ladies
- ♦ Thomas and Christine Ichim
- ♦ Daniel Igali
- ♦ Lorie Kane
- ♦ Mike Lazaridis
- ♦ Bruce Mau
- ♦ Berna Moss
- ♦ Samantha Nutt
- ♦ Michael Ondaatje
- ♦ Hubert Reeves
- ♦ Mark Starowicz
- ♦ Ann Willcocks

Olympic gold-medallist
Daniel Igali



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From the
Editor

A very honourable company

One of the joys of the journalistic season at *Maclean's* is the preparation of the annual Honour Roll of Canadians who have made a difference. Digging out from a drawer full of petty politics, war and posturing, it is a decided relief to focus on people who strive for excellence and who inspire by their accomplishments. Their uplifting stories make you feel that, as honoree from the words of Sam Donald, "We are not alone."

The special project, now in its 15th year, is one of the most popular theme issues of the editorial calendar. Since the first in 1986 200 people have graced the pages. Many need no introduction: Charles Binns and Stephen Lewis (1986), Wayne Gretzky (87), Margaret Atwood (88), Northing-Pye and Jean Vanier (90), Laraine McKenna (94), Elvin Sogho (95). And this year, Olympic gold medalist David Igla.

But the special charm of the exercise is the inclusion of people who work quietly in their own community or abroad for their fellow citizens. Volunteer Theresa Neumann, born in the impoverished South-western reserve in Saskatchewan, used \$25 of her own money and began a Child for Children program that has served tens of thousands of orphaned and needy kids in a centre in North Russia. When the United Nations pulled out of war-torn East Timor last year, leaving 15,000 terrified refugees in the lurch, Neumann's Child Support agency helped to provide assistance and insurance. He was part of the growing army of Canadians achieving excellence in the world in various fields, a trend that has accelerated with globalization.



Robert Lewis

robert@maclean.ca to comment on From the Editor

Newsroom Notes Celebrating Canada

The end of the year is traditionally marked by special *Maclean's* issues. This week, it is the annual *Maclean's* Honour Roll, which, in the course of 15 years, has become something of a Canadian institution. The honorees over the years—writers, artists, scientists, entrepreneurs, craftsmen, scientists, community workers and athletes, like this year's cover subject,



Rowland (left), Woodward, year's best

Olympic gold medalist David Igla—an elusive, lean, modest, nomination and self suggestion. "There is always an abundance of nominees, conspicuous Canadians who have made a differ-

Many of the individuals have helped to bring change to Canadian institutions. Maj. Das Branson, a jet pilot, courageously stepped forward in 1998 with her personal account to *Maclean's* of her rape by a colleague in the military and a pattern of sexual abuse and harassment. The resulting discipline and reforms helped to make the Canadian military a better place for women to seek their careers.

One of the most moving events in the annals of the Honour Roll episode was a private meeting. Former Publisher Brian Segal and I went to Halifax in April, 1994, for a special presentation to Janet and Randy Corcoran. He was too frail to travel when he accepted his medal and would die later that summer of complications from AIDS. Randy Corcoran was a hemophiliac who had been diagnosed in 1986 as HIV-positive from tainted blood transfusions. Later, Janet learned she was also infected. *Maclean's* honoured them for their successful fight to establish the first provincial financial compensation for hemophiliacs infected with HIV. After Randy's death, Janet continued the struggle, becoming a force for reform in the tainted blood scandal, and ended this year speaking on national radio about her health challenges and her determination to carry on. Such personal heroism is the true mark of all members of the Honour Roll.

erence," says the supervising editor, Michael Branson, the magazine's editorial director of new content.

Next week will bring the annual year-end double issue featuring the *Maclean's* poll on Canadian attitudes, conducted this year in collaboration with the Global Television Network—plus a review of the events that have shaped *Maclean's* quarter-century as a news magazine, and *Imagis* 2000, a 17-page gallery of the year's best photos. "It's been an especially rich year for pictures," says Associate Managing Editor Brian Woodward, who directed the project.

Bay



NAUTICA

A NEW ADVENTURE IN FRAGRANCE





Chrétien arrogant or heavy assassin?

Election results

Canadians have spoken. Let the East govern the East, and the West govern the West ("Majority rules," *Cont.*, Dec. 4). If Prime Minister Jean Chrétien wants to waste eastern dough, fine. But we don't want him giving our western taxpayers a headache. If he's padding his pockets with easterners and double westerners are so "different," it's time to start thinking about a new federalism. Sovereignty-association argued?

Greg Wehrli, Coquitlam, B.C.

Your election coverage dined poll after poll after poll. Once upon a time, politicians stood up and told us what

they believed. Polls now allow them to tell us what they think we want to hear. Former U.S. president Harry S. Truman got it right when he said, "How far would Moses have gone if he had taken a poll in Egypt? What would Jesus Christ have preached if he had taken a poll in the land of Israel? What would have happened to the Reformation if Martin Luther had taken a poll? It's not polls or public opinion of the moment that counts. It is right and wrong and leadership. Where have all the leaders gone?"

John Rogers, Thurston Bay, Ont.

In one way it is probably a good thing that Jean Chrétien will be leading the Liberals in this election because if he had resigned and Paul Martin had been leading the party, it is likely that the Liberals would have swept the whole country.

J.-E. Jelle, Richmond, Ont.

I think it is time you threw out that "mud" Peter C. Newman, who is so out of touch with political reality as to be last century's man. In "Throwing the mud in" (Dec. 4), he fails to see that this federal election was indeed a defining one of great importance for our country and the future of our political parties. Canadians do not want an Americanized health-care system, or an American system of referendums and province-group politics that undercuts

Culture on the brink

I wept when I read "Crises at the Noddy" (Letter from Sherburne, Dec. 4). What the article hasn't noted is that, because three children are the product of alcoholic parents, they are more likely suffering from fetal alcohol syndrome. They are permanently and seriously brain-damaged. Add to that the fact that they are not in school, go apocalyptically, but all day, every day. The only glimmer of hope I see is from Phil Koch, the band chief, who had the courage to be honest about the situation and beg for the government to take his children away. He should be given the support he needs to give his people a purpose, a sense of belonging so that they can start rebuilding a culture on the very brink of extinction.

Scott Newton, Fort St. James, B.C.

our traditions of representative government. They do not want a value system by pseudo-Chretien logic on issues such as abortion and the death penalty, or a tax system that favours the rich and creates the future of our country and society to the advantage of big business. Canadians did not put water for their local candidates "as Newman says. From coast to coast, they backed the government as the best political option. Candidates voted for a concrete party with a balanced program of health, welfare and tax reduction. Until the opposition can put together a similar program, it will never gain power in Ottawa.

George Mowbray, Toronto

No wonder Jean Chrétien is ecstatic. The run is history in the making. A national treasure. While Anthony Wilson

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Smith ("Happy now, PM?" Dec. 4) scribbles on about Conservative party leader Joe Clark's passive qualities, he should be reminded of what politics is about and always has been: winning and power. Game, set and match. Clark's 37-year winning streak is galling to many, no doubt, but Wilson-Smith's prediction of parliamentary war is plain silly. The election is over.

Alan MacQuinn, Guelph, Ont.

Long-term debt

James D. Jones, in his letter to the editor ("Debt and leadership," Dec. 4), states that the national debt would be paid off in fewer than 35 years. It isn't quite that simple. First, he assumes that Canadians will continue to tolerate approximately 30-odd per cent of every tax dollar going to debt reduction and interest payments. During our recent election, concerns were expressed that government expenditures on health care and education have to be increased to compensate for earlier cutbacks. In short, the savings in interest on the debt is paid down are not necessarily going to be used to reduce the principal; therefore, we can expect to have a national debt for longer than 35 years. I expect a lot longer than that.

G. Russell Shultz, Toronto

The Smythe story

If one only read *Goose*, *The Smythe Family*, *The Gordons* and the *Toronto Maple Leaf Hockey Club* by Thomas Stafford Smythe, about the Leafs and the Smythes, one would have a mistaken understanding of the author's father, my brother-in-law Stafford ("Hockey's new roots," Dec. 27). Our families were quite close.

His family address him as did my children, but never did I see Stafford drunk. To call someone an alcoholic because they enjoyed a drink before dinner or a nightcap after a game is farfetched. Stafford had his troubles, some de-

scribed that he was a good, fun-loving, father, husband and friend. To fail to capture his character is harmful for his family and is wrong and unjust.

Bernice Hughes, Toronto

Unnecessary evil?

For every story of a cellphone proving helpful in an emergency, there are numerous examples of their inutility in a host of settings ("The cell in your future," Tech Special, Dec. 4). Why anyone should need to be engaged in a cellular conversation while wheeling a grocery cart through a supermarket escapes me. The need has been manufactured and marketed as if cellphones were every bit as necessary as toilet paper.

Bruce Shind, New Westminster, B.C.

Fiasco down south

The most disturbing thing about the fiasco that is the United States presidential election is the persistence of the people responsible for administering the electoral system ("The standoff in the South," World, Dec. 4). The issue of whether the votes in Florida should be manually recounted and which votes are valid and which are not is the responsibility of a member of the state cabinet, whose head is Gov. Jeb Bush, a Republican and brother of one of the two candidates for the nation's highest office. To put it in Canadian terms, it is as if a cabinet minister in Quebec Province or Lucien Bouchard's Parti Québécois government were responsible for administering the electoral results in Jean Chrétien's own riding and had the power to make decisions that could affect whether the Prime Minister held his own seat.

In the absence of a nonpartisan federal agency, it is no wonder that the close election has ended up in the hands of the courts and the lawyers, instead of the people.

Gerald Macdonald, Grande Prairie, Alta.

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Over and Under Achievers

Let's play, Super Mario!

Seagrown: The last, best call? Laramie: This a (over)night? real? Super Mario: puts aside his golf ball? The Queen Mother: stands tall? And the economy: it that all?

♦ **Seagrown Co.:** Doves the hatch for a Canadian insurance in French firms completes takeover: Bye whiskey will never use the same, either?

♦ **Almad Yachting:** Ottawa Sens drop lawsuit against no-longer-wayward star after he agrees to make donation to kids' hospital. So brother? & smother? the dishes? Yachting will soon be get of fashion

♦ **Mario Lemieux:** His planned comeback means we'll soon find out if intensive golf sessions really are good training for an NHL career. The league sure hopes so.

♦ **The Royals:** The British government asks them to plan their own funerals—and the Queen Mother is reported nervous for sense. She expects Prince Harry's great-grandchildren to give her eulogy

Better than the U.S.? Uh, not really.

By at least one statistical measure, it's time for Canadians to stop bragging about how much more civic-minded they are than Americans. Since last month's presidential contest, there's been no shortage of mocking remarks on our side of the border about the Americans' low voter participation rate—54 per cent. In Canada, by contrast, voter participation rates of 75 per cent were the norm in federal elections for most of

the postwar period until they began to trail off in the 1990s. And the Nov. 27 election that gave Jean Charest a third consecutive majority attracted 63 per cent of Canadians registered to vote to the polls, a significantly higher number than in the United States.

But if Canada's participation rate is calculated in the same manner as in the States, our two elections look remarkably similar. For one, 12.8 million Canadians cast ballots on Nov. 27 out of about 20.6 million (the final number is not in yet) brand-eligible voters. But as a percentage of adult

Canadians eligible to vote—which corresponds to how the Americans do the calculations—the participation rate shrinks to 54.2 per cent, according to Richard Johnston, a political science professor at the University of British Columbia, who recently authored a paper related to the subject. So the real difference between Canada and U.S. participation rates is 54 per cent versus 51 per cent. "We're not much better than the Americans," says Johnston. The devil is in the details—or perhaps, according to some, looking in the ballot box.

Julian Behrman



Lemieux takes being an owner so much he plays for himself

♦ **Wealthy pessimists:** Alan Greenspan feels gloomy about the economy to the track marks gone up. Now, here's a banner of a day. Gordon Thibault

♦ **Lucien Bouchard:** Becomes a unifying figure for all Canadians. He's vilified in English Canada for being too separatist, and now in his home province for not being enough of one.

Web Watch

Wired 'n' wealthy

How wired is your province? It's no coincidence that the three provinces with the highest average household incomes—British Columbia, Alberta and Ontario—also have the highest rate of Internet use at home. According to a survey by Statistics Canada, almost five million Canadian households—or 42 per cent of the population—had at least one member who used the Internet regularly in 1999 at either home, school or work. British Columbia, Alberta and Ontario all topped that average. In about 3.4 million households—or 29 per cent of the population—at least one member logs on from home. That's up sharply from the 16 per cent of homes that were wired in 1997. Internet use rises in direct proportion to income: the richest households are five times as likely to be wired as the lowest-income groups. Along with the well-established use of the Internet for recreation, ScanCan reports that 19 per cent of survey respondents use the Web to buy goods and services, 54 per cent use it to seek medical and health information, and 28 per cent use it for electronic banking. One in five households use the Internet at home for self-employment reasons, and one in four for employee-related use.



Canadians are doing all sorts of things these days over the Net

The Egos Have Landed

If you want to see Justin Taden having her behind magically reduced, MC Hammer is first of a 100-lb, multi-million, Matthew Good tribute, an aquarium, or last *Four (The Ho-*

me) Ham's singing voice, check out *Big Sexual* (which premiered on Global on Dec. 11). The new Canadian TV sitcom by director David Steinberg (Steinfeld, *Mad About You*, *Friends*, *Norbit*) is set in Vancouver and



Hammer, *Big Sexual* star Jeff

satirizes the ego-driven music business. Melissa Etheridge, Bill Nader, Stewart Copeland and Randy Bachman also allow themselves to be taken down a notch.

The person who cures to the

whims of their personalities is music manager Bill Sutton, played by Greg Kinnear in *Big Sexual* and the *Beer* farce. Kinnear is himself a musician, who released a pop/rock album two years ago and recently recorded with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. "I think this show is pretty true to what I've seen in the music business," says Kinnear, a 39-year-old New Jersey native.

Kinnear appeared a lot to his own musician's ego when it came time to choose a theme song for the show. He says

the song he wrote for *Big Sexual* was rejected. "I think mine is better than what we're using," he says. *Sexual* is like the making of a *Big Sexual* story line.

S.D.

Overbites

"I was worried about screwing up, and my hand was shaking a little bit."

—Canadian astronaut Marc Garneau confabulates to nervousness while fulfilling his role aboard the shuttle Endeavour during a space walk by two colleagues.

"It always tasted better than the crissed."

—Frank Neel, foreman of the public works commission of Walkerton, Ont., swears that he drank untreated water when he went to check the town's water-chlorination system. Seven people died and more than 2,000 became ill from it; coal poisoning of the town's water supply.

"Ontario Liberal Leader Dalton McGuinty is opposed to helping welfare recipients addicted to drugs."

—Quote from an item on the Web site of the Ontario government's social services ministry. The Progressive Conservative minister responsible, John Baird, defended the posting of the item on the taxpayer-funded site.

"The snow is a gift from Canada to Puerto Rico. We sent those people, including a TV cameraman, to prove that this was real snow from Canada."

—Luis Guzman of San Juan, Puerto Rico, discusses his company's import of 300 tonnes of snow for a Christmas party to be held in an air-conditioned worksite.

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Returning: After a three-year hiatus, Pittsburgh Penguins owner Mario Lemieux, 35, will once again don skates and a jersey and rejoin NHL playing ranks. His return is expected to boost ticket sales for the financially strapped team and help bolster efforts to build a new arena. Lemieux, who will become the first owner to lace up the skates, missed after the 1997 season due to back problems. The six-time scoring champion and Hall of Famer was also forced to take time off in 1996—he had been diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease three years earlier. He has since fully recovered from the cancer. As well, his chronic back problems have significantly diminished. Unlike other sport legends, there are no rules in the NHL, stating that owners cannot play—Lemieux owns 16.6 per cent of the Penguins. He began working out his month in anticipation of his return, and plans to play in his first game in late December or early January.

Honoured: Longtime CBC news anchor Koorosh Nash, 73, will serve as a direct inspiration to a new generation of journalists through the creation of a \$25,000 annual award in his name. The creation of the Koorosh Nash Prize was announced by the Canadian Journalism Foundation, which held a \$300-a-plate fund-raising dinner honouring Nash last week. Veteran CBC producer Mack Swartz will lead a jury of journalists and others to assess applicants.

Resigned: After a somewhat tumultuous reign in which she was nonetheless credited with setting around Canada's public broadcast and telecommunications policy, Francine Bertrand is leaving her post as chairwoman of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission. The 52-year-old Bertrand took over the job in 1996 from Keith Spence; some sources suggested that



her efforts to be reappointed for a second five-year term were rejected by the Prime Minister's Office. Bertrand will begin working for Montreal-based Secur Canada after leaving the CRTC on Feb. 15.

Died: After fleeing Germany with his father in the 1930s, Jewish-born Werner Klemperer went on to television fame as Colonel Klink, the amiable but delish German camp commandant overseeing a Second World War prison camp in the comedy series *Hogan's Men*. Sonogly anti-Nazi, Klemperer said he wanted to portray Klink in a bad light. "I told the writers that if they ever made Colonel Klink the hero of the show, I would quit," he once said. Klemperer won two Emmy awards for the role. He also appeared in a narrative with every major symphony in the United States. He died of cancer, at 80, in his New York home.

Died: In 1950, American poet Gwendolyn Brooks became the first black writer to win a Pulitzer Prize. After publishing her first poem when she was 13, Brooks wrote over 20 books. Most of her work depicts the lives of black Americans as they struggled for equality in the 20th century. Her first published anthology, *A Street in Bronzeville*, was greeted with critical acclaim when it was released in 1945. Brooks, 83, died of cancer in Chicago.

Missing: The U.S. Coast Guard's four-day search for Scott Smith, bassist for the Canadian rock band Loverboy, was called off. The 45-year-old Vancouverite was sailing from Vancouver to Los Angeles when he fell out of his 37-foot sailboat off the coast of California near San Francisco and is presumed dead. The band is best known for such Eighties classics as *Time My Love* and *The Kid Is Hot Tonight*.

Settled: The Ottawa Senators have dropped their \$1.4-million suit against star centre Alexei Yashin, 27. In return, Yashin will make a sizable donation to Ottawa's Children's Hospital of Eastern Ontario. Yashin, who sues out the 1999-2000 season, was sued by the team for damages for withholding his services while under contract.

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Anthony Wilson-Smith

There's no laugh like it

When he contemplated his pending 40th birthday last fall, Garret Bornstein didn't mess around. He called up five couples who are friends of his and his wife, Jane, and asked if they could take time off from their everyday lives sometime soon. Then he booked and paid for 10 business-class return tickets between his home base in Montreal and Groux. There, the five couples proceeded to a yacht Bornstein owned, with crew, and spent a week sailing the *Aegion Sea*. The experience was, says his friend and business partner Andy Nulman, "something you read about in books or see in movies, but never expect to experience yourself."

Actually, Bornstein's 40th birthday is in January—but he's always been ahead of the curve. The most obvious example these days is Airborne Entertainment, the wireless entertainment content provider that he and Nulman first started thinking about more than a year ago. If you have a cellphone or wireless device offered by any of Canada's major service providers—such as Bell Mobility, Rogers AT&T, Fido or Ciel—then you may be familiar with The Funniest, then funniest, content channel that, for a fee, delivers daily round of jokes to subscribers. By the second half of 2001, Airborne will be offering live new channels with topics ranging from short animated fiction to interactive games. They have a distribution deal with Sprint in the United States, and expect to put deals in place over the next 18 months in Europe and Latin America. Last month, Montreal publisher Charles Savoy bought in his holding company, Teleroy Inc., as a partner. Soon, they expect to close the last deal meeting the \$15-million target in start-up funding that they set for themselves a year ago. That's no surprise to Dean MacDonald, the Newfoundland-based cable entrepreneur who gave them their first seed money of \$1.5 million—a month after the tech meltdown in the stock market last spring. MacDonald invested after what he cheerfully describes as "the cheapest, most superficial exercise of due diligence met." More seriously, he says: "You got a great idea, and great people, and you don't care about the market."

Well-spoken, perpetually calm, and deceptively low-key, Bornstein has a track record of getting people's trust in their sector—and making them very glad once the longer term due to him. He put himself through CEGEP by selling vacuum cleaners—and made enough extra money to pay for his first new car and take a trip to Europe. After a commerce degree from McGill University, he spent eight years as director of operations for a real estate management firm. When the Montreal real estate scene turned ugly in pre-recession 1994, he began making a career change. A friend's father, Norman Spector, who operated a housing-ad business in Montreal

told Bornstein to "find a business and I'll back you." So Bornstein, who had learned computer programming in university, went to a tech show in California to hunt for ideas.

By his scars, he had decided to start a company that would provide Internet backup and service—not as one of the Web was taking off. His company, Generation Net, was a hit with customers from the start—although it almost never broke even at the end of its first year as its net base expanded faster than expected. "You make your money in servicing users, not in servicing them," says Bornstein. With losses averaging \$20,000 a month, Generation Net was down to its last \$20,000 and, Bornstein recalls, he was "waking up every morning at 5 o'clock in a cold sweat." Spector again came to the rescue. He told Bornstein that if he found some funding elsewhere, he would provide more money. After the Business Development Bank of Canada offered a loan, Spector invested \$250,000. The company began turning a profit—and expanded operations by offering Web services aimed at businesses. But when communications giant like BCE began providing Internet services, Bornstein figured the field was becoming too crowded. So when a syndicate put together by Yukon Securities made an offer, he sold out for \$11 million in mid-1999—and pocketed almost half that himself, while agreeing to return as CEO of the new firm.

That left Bornstein, a newly married multimillionaire—but restless. About that time, through mutual friends, he met Nulman, a relentlessly energetic wheeler-dealer who was becoming wealthy after 15 years running Montreal's Just for Laughs Comedy Festival. They became fast friends—so much so that from the start, they were starting or finishing each other's sentences. Bornstein persuaded Nulman to quit his job and join him as a start-up venture, advising companies how to make Web sites more user-friendly. One problem: his company's new owners didn't want to move in that direction. So Bornstein put down \$200,000 of his own money—enough to carry through on the plans he and Nulman made for the next two years—and quit his old firm to chase new ideas.

These days, it's hard to visit Montreal or Toronto without hearing some mention of one or both of the fluently bilingual partners' daily active in charities and community affairs, and the never-ending comic rift between them—with Bornstein playing straight man against Nulman's Schindler-esque observations—usually about a business on the social circuit. "The dang Andy's done for me," says Bornstein, "is that I wake up in the morning and can't wait to go to work." That good humor is infectious. "I see those guys together, and they just make me want to laugh," says Dave Innes of McDonald's. All the way, they hope, to the bank.

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Megacity Madness

The Parti Québécois's plan for municipal mergers has ignited a political firestorm in Montreal

By Brenda Bouasseau in Montreal

Gisèle Bouchard's anger is no secret on her quiet Westmount street. Placards lean against her brick house. Protest signs dot the lawn. But the most telling testimony is posted in the driveway. Her sports utility vehicle is covered with signs and stickers. Some sport the slogan "We need to see the city" ("Nous off on my city"), and all are directed at Bill 170, the Quebec legislation that will transform Montreal into a megacity by merging it with the suburbs that share the island. Eight of the existing 28 municipalities are set to disappear. The rest, including the tiny enclave of Westmount, will become 26 consolidated boroughs with no taxing powers. Bouchard, who turns 53 this week, cannot stomach the loss of her community as she knows it. The sign on top of her SUV heralds a protest rally planned for Dec. 10. "I don't go anywhere," the adverb with a laugh. "My son is completely ashamed of me—he doesn't want to sit in the car." But, she adds, "what makes me ashamed is to feel obliged to do this for democracy."

Thousands of others share his outrage. They accuse the Parti Québécois of trying to turn the legislation through the

National Assembly before Christmas without proper consultation. Some English-speaking Quebecers suspect darker motives, since many of the municipalities being lost are heavily anglophone. But the PQ insists its goal is to strengthen the city economically. Montreal will become the last Canadian megacity—other urban areas such as Toronto and Halifax have already gone that route. Bill 170 also proposes the creation of four other megacities in the province: Longueuil, Quebec City, Lévis and Hull-Gatineau.

But by curbing what the level of government closest to citizens, the PQ has walked into contentious territory. Five Montreal-area residents sought a court injunction last week against the bill on the grounds that citizens were not properly consulted. And a downtown rally scheduled for Sunday was expected to attract thousands of protesters. Amid the growing controversy, Montreal Mayor Pierre Bourque, an advocate of the mergers, launched his own offensive, urging people to sign a pro-merger petition. "It's our collective future that is at stake," he insisted.

When the merged city comes into effect in January 2002, Montreal's population will soar from 1.8 million to 1.8 million—but the number of councillors will plummet from 256 on 28 municipalities to 71 in the megacity. The PQ argues the reform is needed to unify Montreal so it can compete more effectively for business with other cities, and the Board of Trade of Metropolitan Montreal agrees. With about 30 industrial parks, the island's municipalities have overperformed for business for years, says board spokesman Pierre Lallumière. "There is a big waste of energy," he says, "and a big competition amongst ourselves." Another problem, Bourque contends, is a lack of equity: other municipalities do not pay their full share for benefiting from the metropolis. "We must work together to regress, reinforce the economy and



An anti-merger rally in November. Bouchard (opposite) contends that a sense of community will be sacrificed

the development of the island," Bourque told *Maclean's*.

Pierre Tremblay buys none of it. The articulate mayor of Westmount is one of the most vocal opponents of the plan he dubs "urbicide." If the bill passes, Westmount plans to launch a court challenge like others. Tremblay contends that helping out Montreal financially does not require a merger, which he argues will bring no good to Westmount. "While getting a taste of what they're doing," Tremblay says in his modest city hall office. He says town will use white sirens to declare, "And finally," he adds incredulously, "we're going to disappear." In fact, many shudder at the prospect of joining Montreal for one compelling reason: they live in a poorly run city, and points in Montreal's multi-tiered system is another potential source of trouble. In referendums last month in some municipalities, voters strongly opposed the merger (in Westmount, 88 per cent opposed the plan). But the PQ viewed it would not be swayed by referendum results, which critics consider biased hypocrisy on the part of a secessionist party committed to putting the future of Quebec itself to a vote.

The mergers sit especially badly with anglophones. The 14 bilingual municipalities on the island of Montreal will be

annexed and 150 non-anglophone. Although they will retain their linguistic status, anglophones will worry they are losing another institution, says Ed Muscat, a spokesman for Alliance Quebec. The English-ethnic lobby group believes the PQ's main motive was to eliminate bilingual Montreal-area municipalities this previously passed partition resolutions to remain in Canada in the event of a yes vote for sovereignty. Others, including Tremblay, see the disappearance of anglophone municipalities as a "felicitous byproduct" for the PQ, which they claim is using the mergers to set the stage for down-loading responsibilities to Montreal in the future.

Premier Lucien Bouchard has cast the municipal reforms as one of the PQ's most important initiatives. But he may pay a political price—not only anglophones are alienated. Bouchard, for one, no longer considers himself a populist. "Westmount, for me, is home; a place with a close-knit atmosphere and a network of volunteers who care about the community." "If I call the mayor, I can call him at home at night," he says. "It's in the phone book. That's what we'll be losing." For many merger opponents, the prospect of one enormous city has already brought on a mega-headache. ☐





The aftermath: *Kissed Park* was the worst riot in Canadian military history

scheduled to embark at Liverpool, 50 km away. By the end of February, 1919, demobilization of the 19,000 troops returned there had slowed to a trickle as camp commander Col. Malcolm Colquhoun encountered one shipping delay after another. Then, news spread that the next unit scheduled to return was the 3rd Canadian Division, many of whom were recent draftees. That outraged the waiting men, especially those who had volunteered early in the war and adhered to the popular "first over, first home" principle. One of them was Gordon Boyd, who told *Maclean's* before he died on Oct. 13 at age 101: "We were on parade and word passed around—there was a riot. So we just broke."

Initial attempts to re-establish order soon with little success. Some officers organized squadrons to defend their divisions, but non-combat soldiers, who had little sympathy for the officers and were unwilling to risk injury, were reluctant to help out. Although Colquhoun forbade the use of ammunition, one major managed to secure 1,000 rounds. The first fatality, 30-year-old Sapper William Tanservich, suffered a bayonet wound through the stomach. Cpl. Joseph Young, 36, fell next, also from bayonet wounds. William Hanes, a 22-year-old rifleman from Talbot, Alta., was shot in the face, and Gunner Jack Hickman, 21, of Dochart, N.B., took a bullet in the chest.

But the most controversial "accident" involved Pte. David Gillan, a 20-year-old Cape Bretoner, who defended the camp in the first confrontation. According to the autopsy report and one officer sympathetic to the Canadian court of inquiry that followed within days, Gillan was shot in the back of the neck while advancing towards the rioters, mistaking the likelihood that one of his fellow camp defenders killed him. But the military

judges accused in Liverpool chose not to pursue the matter.

Kissed Park Rite, a Welsh-Canadian co-production, records the Gillan family's frustrations in trying to ascertain who was responsible for the fatality. "The family never heard about David's death," says Gillan's grandson Stewart in the documentary. "There was no telegram, an acknowledgment to the day more than 80 years later about how David died." British historian Patkowski, contacted by the Gillans in the mid-1990s, believes the inquiry's failure in this regard is in greater measure of justice. "If David wasn't a rioter, then who shot him and why weren't any of the rioters prosecuted for murder?" asks Patkowski.

Historians agree that it would have been impossible for the rioters not to have been influenced by the 1917 Russian Revolution and the melt of civil and military strikes that permeated the war effort. But Canadian historian Desmond Morton also places much of the responsibility on rebellious officers. Kenneth Park's emotional notes, he says, indicate that "officers had no commitment, no connection to the soldiers," and they did not, as a result, "take all vigorous steps to suppress the rioting." A similar lack of vigour is evident in the army's efforts to understand how five young men died that day.

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Canada History

Mystery riot

By Sue Ferguson

Accidental. That's how military records describe the March 5, 1919, deaths of William Tanservich, Joseph Young, William Hanes, Jack Hickman and David Gillan. These First World War Canadian soldiers all died in Wales, miles away from the Allied front—and four months after the war ended. They died in a military training camp called *Kissed Park*, where they were among thousands of veterans awaiting ships back to Canada. Despite pleas from family members, the Canadian army has never revealed the full circumstances of these five first "accidents." In fact, critics charge, it even failed to thoroughly investigate the deaths that occurred in what the official military record calls the country's "most serious" peacetime riot.

On March 4, 1919, soldiers from the camp's western Ontario division, frustrated with the delays in returning home, sparked the riot by looting their dry-food depot. For two days, up to 800 uniformed men resented contempt, YMCA buildings, quartermaster's stores and officers' messes, pilfering their contents. While many men were drunk, most were "beyond sober" on having that demands met, insists Julian Patkowski, London Goldsmith University lecturer and historical consultant to a new documentary, *Kissed Park* Rite (to be broadcast on Dec. 20 on History Television).

The *Kissed Park* uprising was just one in a string of peacetime protests as demobilized soldiers waited—some up to 15 months—in life-governments and shipping agents negotiated transportation arrangements, and endured overcrowding, poor food, delays in pay and considerable boredom. But the greatest tragedy occurred at *Kissed Park*, the final stop for these

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The search for plundered art
The National Gallery of Canada and the Art Gallery of Ontario announced they have works in their collections that may have been plundered by the Nazis. The National Gallery has 100 works whose ownership during the time of the Nazis is unclear, while the AGO has 28. Both institutions said they will post the suspect works on the Internet, in other galleries and museums around the world have done.

Off the streets

Quebec's crackdown against biker gangs continued with the arrest of two leaders of the Rock Machine, Marcel Dumas and Frédéric Faucher, and 13 other gang members in a sweeping drug investigation. Earlier this year, Maurice (Maur) Bocher, the leader of the Hells Angels in Quebec—with whom the Rock Machine has waged a bloody six-year turf battle—was also arrested. Quebec has stepped up its fight against the gangs since the Sept. 13 shooting of journalist Michel Auger, who often wrote about bikers.

Fire hazards

The Canadian Transportation Safety Board issued safety recommendations for dealing with in-flight fires, stemming from an investigation of the 1998 crash of Swissair Flight 111 off the coast of Nova Scotia. Although investigations have not pinpointed the cause of the crash, it is clear that a blast broke out in the doomed plane. Among the recommendations crew must land as soon as possible when smoke is detected, and planes need more screens and firefighting equipment.

Talks cool down

Three days of talks in Ottawa to negotiate an international deal to fight global warming ended with little progress. In 1997, the international community agreed in principle to reducing greenhouse gases at a meeting in Kyoto, Japan. But Canada and the United States want a flexible agreement that would, among other things, allow countries to claim or trade so-called emissions credits—essentially, for example, because of forests that absorb carbon dioxide. The European Union wants strict controls imposed domestically



Winter vigils for 14 lives cut short

Protests in Ottawa and other cities remembered the 14 women assassinated by Marc Lapine in 1989 at Montreal's Ecole Polytechnique. But controversy erupted as Charles Ruskoff, a University of Toronto professor, compared the memorials to Ku Klux Klan propaganda in an e-mail attacking radical feminists. The university did not discipline Ruskoff because of its tradition of free speech.

Ripples from the federal election

The fallout continued as members of the Canadian Alliance, the NDP and the Conservative party took stock of the federal Liberal victory Nov. 27 election victory. Contrasting the hard line he has always advocated to, Joe Clark, whose Tories won the most seats 12 years ago, said the party must find any merger with the Alliance, a long-discussed possibility, would have to be "on our terms"—an offer, a reverse takeover by the Conservatives. Stocked Day, meanwhile, avoided re-

sponding to Clark in his first post-election address as "Winning headliner" himself, he studied the "integrity and corrupt" Liberals, while taking some of the blame for the Alliance's lackluster performance in winning 56 seats—only six more than in 1997.

As for Alex McDoough, the son she was committed to staying on as NDP leader, at least until the party's convention in the fall of 2001. But after the NDP's poor showing—it fell to 13 seats from 21—some activists have been calling for the party to abandon the middle course she tried to chart and return to its leftist roots.

A call to save the children

According to "Sacred Lives," a 59-page report sponsored by Save the Children, thousands of native children and teens are working on the streets and making up a disproportionate number of prostitutes in places such as Winnipeg—in some as 90 per cent. The aboriginal authors of the report, Melanie Mark, 34, and Cherry Kingley, 30, who was herself a prostitute, said children must reconnect with their culture. The report calls for a national strategy to address the problem.

Seesaw Politics

The surprises kept coming in the ongoing presidential battle between Al Gore and George W. Bush

By Andrew Phillips in Washington

Al Gore's political obstacles were already written. Voters in his own party were hinting that it was time for him to do the decent thing and concede defeat. Sage analysts of the coming George W. Bush administration were taking shape. Republicans in the Texas governor's capital, Austin, were gearing up for a long, delayed victory rally. Still, a flick in Gore, sent the seismics in Washington, let's dose

There, in a post-election saga that has been crafted only by its unpredictability, yet another unforeseen twist. Gore, his back against the wall, was handed a Houdini-like escape from final legal defeat in his quest for the U.S. presidency. It came from the Florida Supreme Court, which by a bare majority of four votes out of seven reversed a lower court decision and ordered an immediate recount of tens of thousands of disputed ballots. Suddenly, Gore had a shot at overturning Bush's tiny lead in the vote and claiming 25 electoral votes—enough to get him the White House.

But not for long. Less than 24 hours later, the U.S. Supreme Court stepped in and nixed the idea once more—ordering a halt to the recount and scheduling a full hearing on the issue for Monday, Dec. 11. It was an ominous move for Gore. By five votes to four, the federal high court signalled that it would uphold the wisdom of what the Florida court had decided. If it follows that logic this week, it could finally crush the vice-president's hopes and bring an end to the longest-ever presidential election.

What the Florida court ordered was the same thing that Gore's camp had been seeking for a month—a manual count of disputed ballots that a clearly-biased vote will up the election to the vice-president. That goes under way the morning after the court ruling, as nine judges in Florida's capital, Tallahassee, begin painstakingly examining 9,000 punch-card ballots



Here's a dramatic court decision

from Miami-Dade county. They were counting so-called undervotes—ballots that are otherwise valid but did not register a vote for president in previous run-off counties. Across the state, another 36,000 undervotes were also to be examined by hand. The margin Gore needed to overcome was greater than over the Florida court also ordered that an extra 363 votes for Gore be included in the state's official vote count—turning Bush's lead to just 754 out of six million cast.

The post-election legal fight in Florida had already provoked partisan feelings—and cast a shadow over the political legitimacy of whoever eventually succeeds Bill Clinton in the White House. But the message from politicians on both sides last week was you wait your motion, yes. Republicans, convinced that they had successfully held off Gore's dogged legal challenges and counting on a new Bush presidency, reacted with outrage to the ruling from the Florida high court, long seen by conservatives as a partisan, activist body dominated by Democratic appointees. "Gore DeLays victory whip in the House of Representatives and in an ever-renewing Republican right



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Digitally yours



Bush with communications director
Karen Hughes, legal maneuver

might then have to be broken by the U.S. Supreme Court—but only after more weeks of bitter feelings and just days before the new president is scheduled to be sworn in on Jan. 20.

That's still a long way off—but it went instantly from speculation to real possibility as soon as Florida's Supreme Court announced its verdict. The court had already played a controversial role in the ongoing drama in an earlier ruling on Nov. 21, it ruled towards Gore by extending a deadline for manual recounts of some ballots. But the judgments of its majority last Friday were much further. It ordered a manual recount of the 9,000 "undervotes" from Miami-Dade county. The Gore camp contends that a careful examination of those ballots will show that many voters did intend to cast a vote in the presidential contest but failed to completely punch through the part of the card set aside for the presidential vote. Analyses by independent observers have concluded that Democrats are more likely than Republicans to fail to punch the cards cleanly (errors, for example, are disproportionately Democratic), suggesting that a manual count might well tip the balance towards Gore.

But the Florida court gave little guidance on the bigger controversy of the entire post-election saga: what exactly constitutes a vote? The court's majority said that votes should be counted when "the clear intention of the voter of the vote" can be determined. But earlier recount efforts in several Florida counties led to a swirl of conflicting standards. For example, should ballots with so-called dangling or dimpled chads be included? Local election boards waded with those issues for days—and the new statewide recount seemed headed for the same kind of dispute.

Not surprisingly, Bush's camp moved immediately to stop the recount. His lawyers went to the U.S. Supreme Court in Washington, successfully winning the emergency order to stop the new recount. And they emphasized the stark division within the Florida high court itself. In chief justice, Charles Wells, found himself in the minority, strongly opposing the four judges who ordered the recount and warning of dire consequences ahead. The majority's judgment, Wells wrote ominously, "propels this country and this state into an unprecedented and unnecessary constitutional crisis."

Gore still has to beat the odds. Bush's lawyers could persuade the U.S. Supreme Court to overturn the Florida court this week. Even if that doesn't happen, Bush has several backstops in his fight for the presidency—including Florida's Republican-dominated legislature and his own brother, Jeb, who as governor could have a deciding voice in which election speak for Florida's voters. But the federal Supreme Court's action in stopping the recount suggested that things might not go this far after all. ■

The outcome of the election may finally hinge on a U.S. Supreme Court hearing

winger denounced the Florida court. "This judicial aggression must not stand."

The result 31 days after Americans went to the polls to (they thought) elect their 43rd president, the stage was set for increasingly incendiary scenarios—unless the federal Supreme Court ends Gore's chance this week. Deadlines are fast approaching, starting early this week. States must name their members of the electoral college by Tuesday, Dec. 12, or they are subject to challenge by the U.S. Congress. As a result, Florida's Republican-dominated legislature planned to meet this week in an unprecedented special session to name its own slate of electors if the outcome in the state is still unclear. If the manual recount resumes and Gore pulls ahead, that could lead to what Washington politicians have dubbed the "nuclear scenario"—comparing slates of electors from Florida, one pledged to Bush, another to Gore.

When elections meet on Dec. 18 to cast their votes for president, there could be two conflicting titles. And so the presidential election could smolder up in the air for weeks to come—and eventually have to be settled by the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives in Washington. They are to meet on Jan. 6 and officially count the electoral votes. If there is a disputed result from one state, both bodies would have to vote on which result to accept. The House has a narrow Republican majority and would back Bush's election, but then the Senate will be divided 50-50 and a tie there would, in principle, be broken by Gore himself in his capacity as president of the Senate. A deadlock between the two branches of Congress

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THE ART OF PERFORMANCE



The impeachment trial of President Joseph Estrada of the Philippines began with prosecutors introducing evidence a \$4.5 million cheque they said helped finance the purchase of an estate for one of Estrada's mistresses. The cheque, which prosecutors claimed Estrada signed with the fictitious name Jose Valdez, was deposited in the account of one of the president's cronies. Estrada has been accused of taking millions in bribes.

Washington reacted angrily to the accusation of U.S. businessman Edward Pope on espionage charges in Russia. Pope and an associate had purchased technical information on a Russian rocket-propelled torpedo from a Russian professor, having organized, Pope said, that no classified information be part of the package. Russian President Vladimir Putin indicated that he would pardon Pope.

The Ebola virus continued to claim lives in Uganda with the death of the Mariner Lukweya, one of the leaders of the fight against the deadly disease. Lukweya first exhibited symptoms of Ebola on Nov. 30, and died six days later. He had been a medical superintendent at St. Mary's Hospital in Lira, in the northern part of Uganda, where the epidemic has been raging. It has so far claimed 156 lives.

Russia and the United States joined to demand harsher United Nations sanctions against Afghanistan's Taliban government. Under the joint proposal, the Security Council would impose an arms embargo and other sanctions against Afghanistan for a year. The goal is to force the country to close terrorist training camps and hand over Osama bin Laden, the alleged terrorist who is suspected of masterminding the August 1998 bombings of U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania and who is believed to be hiding in Afghanistan. The Taliban said more sanctions will only hurt ordinary people in the impoverished country, which is already under an air embargo.

Days of rage
and uncertainty

Since peace negotiations broke off in July after the unsuccessful Camp David summit between Barak and Arafat, violence between Israelis and Palestinians has intensified. Last week, Arafat appeared in public wearing

New revelations about Dr. Death

Former Michigan physician Jack Kevorkian, known in the media as "Dr. Death," claimed to have helped 130 terminally ill people commit suicide before being convicted of second-degree murder in 1999 and jailed for up to 25 years. But a study of 69 of those deaths in *The New England Journal of Medicine* revealed that 75 per cent of the victims were not suffering from a potentially fatal illness and five had no discernible disease. Instead, the study said, many of the suicide victims were depressed or suffered from psychiatric disorders.

The EU challenge

Anders cronst. called varieties.

submachine-gun, while one of his lieutenants called for new "days of rage" to mark the 13th anniversary of the start of the Pales-tinians' resistance against Israel. The strike, predictably, was first blooded, which by week-end had left 10 people dead. A total of 308 people have died in sporadic fighting, the great tragedy of their Pales-tinians, since September

including former Communist countries as well as Cyprus, Malta and Turkey. The EU must overhaul its institutions and decision-making process to allow the organization to function effectively when new members are admitted, probably over the next decade. "It is the most important challenge facing the European Union today," said Javier Solana, EU chief of foreign and security policy.

Loyalty programs
are everywhere.
But do they work?

Coronin is a resident endosome's and lysosome. J. Cell. Physiol. 193: 113-124 (1978).

customers pay for the phone service, for instance, a small portion of the fee ("less than 10 per cent") goes to Zeller's parent, Hudson's Bay Co., and covers ad costs, Khan says.

But some consumers are put off by loyalty programs. Don Watson, a 57-year-old Montreal scientist, takes a dim view of the Petro-Canada reward program. "I think it's a snail," he says, noting how he gets a reward point for every 10 cents of gasoline purchased. Recently, he says, Petro-Canada offered a special 3¢ redemption: 45,000 points, he would have been eligible for \$20 in free gas. "That's not loyalty," says Watson. "Give me \$4,500 worth of business and I'll throw you a bone." Watson fears the main objective for retailers is to gather information about customers, and "I don't think we're getting adequately reimbursed."

Ross Griffin, 40, who lives on a 40-acre 1969 Chevy Camaro in the Richmond Machine, south of Vancouver, also has misgivings for some loyalty cards. An electronics and self-proclaimed "value hunter," Griffin says coffee ("Look, this was on sale with my Safeway card," he points out) on the deck of his boat. He has an Air Miles card he no longer uses (one free point), the Safeway card, a Save-On grocery card and a Hildebrand card that tracks his eligibility for free movie rentals. "I hate these cards they make you carry," Griffin says. "It's just a big hassle. It takes a huge amount of time—and think about the poor cashiers."

Frequent user Harper has some advice for the loyalty program detractors: pick one and stick with it. "I don't want another card," he says. "I'm worried about the data about him being collected every time he uses his CIKIC Visa? Not at all. You give me \$2,500 and I'll tell you everything," says Harper. "They can send me junk mail. I just don't open it."

One of the latest entries on the marketplace, a program called Equity Reinforcement Rewards, adds a new twist to the loyalty game. It deposits money into a retirement fund. But from participating vendors, such as moving services from Atlas Van Lines, and a portion of the cost—a 6 per cent fee from Atlas—will be deposited in a trust fund. Each time the fund reaches \$100, the money goes into an RRSP or a similar account. Terry Zuk, whose Kerner job is marketing bus-

for the Toronto Blue Jays was to attract fans to the SkyDome, is CEO of Equity. Companies today have come to expect a loyalty program, he says. For businesses, "it's almost the price of admission."

As more and more programs emerge, the burning question is, do they work? Skunkle, whose firm conducted an extensive survey on what drives customer loyalty, says people don't go looking for points programs. Only four per cent of Canadians say rewards are essential to hold their allegiance, his survey found. Points can attract customers and may create repeat business, he says, but it's a marketer to call them loyalty programs.

Companies tend to be cagey about the true purpose of their programs, with most saying they provide "added value" to their customers. Skunkle says data mining—operating information about a customer's profile and spending habits—is important for many retailers, who use the results to sell more to that client. "It's not necessarily an evil thing," he says, but he

To have your capsule
look well, let it
look well, let it

concedes there is widespread public cynicism about it. Certainly the programs are expensive to maintain—although companies refuse to say how costly they are. Much of the expense is in sophisticated data-management systems and staff. Another big outlay is advertising and promotion, Skunkle says. Robert Kerner, spokesman for the Consumers' Association of Canada, says the programs obviously work for the vendor, or they would not exist. But do they work for the consumer? Not really, argues Kerner, as they limit the options a consumer has. He calls loyalty programs "psychological commitment devices."

At best, he believes, consumers break even if they receive a reward they wanted in the first place, they've done OK, but they lose if they end up with something they wouldn't otherwise have chosen. Ultimately, Kerner fears, the cost of the program is passed on to the customer, although companies insist the programs pay for themselves. Break even or better, consumers know there's a price tag on their loyalty.

Wife Brenda Brownell in Montreal and
Ruth Ashbery in Vancouver

What you can get for \$15,000 spent

Program	Selected reward	Retail value	% of \$15,000
CIKIC	Air Canada economy-class ticket, unreserved round-trip Toronto to Atlanta	\$1,296	12%
Zeller's Click Z	Diamond earrings (\$150 each in total)	\$400	2.6%
Air Miles	Air Canada economy-class round-trip ticket (Saturday night, September Toronto to Los Angeles, 30%)	\$435	4.2%
Canadian Tire	\$375 Canadian Tire money to use in store	\$375	2.5%

Source: CIKIC, Zeller's, Air Miles, Canadian Tire. Rewards shown are approximate retail values.





Deirdre McMurdy

The Greenspan mystique

For the capital markets crowd, Alan Greenspan is the equivalent of Green Cardo. Like the enigmatic astrologer, he communicates an inscrutable vision, punctuated by cryptic overtures. Greenspan reportedly proposed three times to his wife, former *White House* television correspondent Andrea Mitchell, before she realized he was talking marriage. And he once quipped, to someone who asked how he was, that he wasn't allowed to answer such questions.

During the annual holiday lull in business activity, there are two new books—both focused on Greenspan and the intricate economy he manages—that should be required reading for those gearing up for 2001. That is especially true in light of the recent forecast by the economics department at the University of Chicago, that the North American economy is headed for a hard landing in the new year.

It's no exaggeration to suggest that, despite his deliberately low-key persona, Greenspan, as chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board, is the most influential economic figure in the world. His every word is analyzed for nuances that may indicate the future direction of key interest rates. Last week, he did it again: in typically bland language, he told an American banking conference he was convinced a U.S. economic slowdown is at hand, leaving certain major sectors vulnerable to unexpected shocks. Hardly an earth-shattering insight, but markets briefly soared on the perception that these cautious words indicate the Fed is about to shift to a neutral from a tightening bias as an anti-inflation policy. And that Greenspan may even be poised to cut rates.

In glib, just-lower-than-carefully-Greenspan-consider-every-word-be-apt-to-public-and-every-move-be-calculation, readers should first turn to author Bob Woodward's new book, *Masters: Greenspan's Fed and the American Boom*. Woodward, probably the best-known investigative journalist of the last quarter-century, has clearly had unusually open access to Greenspan and his circle. And the book, although apparently uncritical of Greenspan's lean-overs to new Fed chairmen, presents a fascinating behind-the-scenes account of life at the epicenter of the economy.

Although Greenspan has deliberately cast himself as a grey bureaucrat, Woodward describes a man with tremendous political savvy, diplomatic skills and raw power. He is a great listener, "who rarely always learned more from the people who came to him than speak than they learned from him." As an economic consultant prior to his Fed appointment, he built an important network of corporate contacts, which he still uses as a source of information and a sounding board for policy decisions. A lifelong Republican, Greenspan nevertheless managed to build a successful working relationship

with Democrat Bill Clinton, convincing him of the need to address the U.S. budget deficit early in his first term in office.

Masters is especially riveting reading for those seeking some of the history and context for today's often-confusing economic scene. In tracking Greenspan's Fed career, which began just 72 days before the market crash in October, 1987, Woodward covers the critical events that have shaped policy and business conditions through the 1990s. He also details the Fed leader's epic struggle to comprehend and adapt to the new parameters of a technology-driven economy. At 74, Greenspan is the ultimate Old Economy throwback. But through his constant attention to the most minute detail, including hourly checks of key economic indicators and charts, he has managed, so far, to control with rapid and unprecedented growth, curbing his urge to squelch it with rate hikes.

But it's in Woodward's accounts of backroom dealings, such as the Fed-orchestrated bailout of Long-Term Capital Management in 1998, when he is at his best. He describes the Fed's secret involvement in attempting to repress a market that would prevent U.S. markets from being dragged down by the scandal. The whole episode remained well under wraps at the time, Woodward notes, in part because of the media's singular focus on Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky.

Still, it's probably best to read *Masters* in conjunction with another book, *The Coming Investor Depression*, by economist Michael Mandel. This dense but compelling volume picks up the story of the North American economy and its management, precisely where Woodward leaves off. While many experts hold that technology and the New Economy enfolded the traditional business cycle, Mandel argues convincingly that it has only been altered, not eliminated. And he is particularly wary of the "almost religious faith in the power of the central bank to stop the U.S. from slipping into another recession."

Mandel, in fact, says we may now be causing in a deep-seated calm interval "between the end of exploration and the onset of what classic writers called avulsion and decade." As such a time, it's both reassuring and alarming to know we're not alone. According to Woodward, Alan Greenspan is also baffled by markets and their relationship with technology. His personal motto at the Fed is this: "If you're not nervous, then you shouldn't be here." As Christmas gifts, neither one of these books will involve comfort or joy in the recipient. But the new year is always the time when the bills must be paid for all those happy holiday times. As Mandel suggests, the same may now be coming true for the end of North America's happy economic times.



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Banks make it in

The Bank of Nova Scotia and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce both recorded handsome profits for the first year ended Oct. 31. Scotiabank's profit for the year was \$1.93 billion, up 24 per cent over the previous one. CIBC did even better, reporting profits of \$2.1 billion, double last year's. The banks brought total profits for Canada's big banks to \$10.1 billion, up from \$8.1 billion in 1999.

BCE gets CTV

As expected, telecommunications giant BCE Inc. received approval from the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission for its acquisition of national broadcaster CTV Inc. The Commission Bureau is currently reviewing BCE's proposal to buy *The Globe and Mail*, *Irish Press*, CTV's president, will become head of BCE's new media company, estimated to be worth about \$4 billion.

Costlier air tickets

Pointing to mounting fuel charges and the rising cost of doing business, the International Air Transport Association said international passengers will face price increases of about 10 per cent in the new year. The hike will include Canadian flights to the United States.

More car cutbacks

General Motors Corp. became the third big automaker to announce production cutbacks due to slowdown in consumer demand. GM, the world's largest automaker, will trim its North American production by 14 per cent in the first quarter. GM's large coupe plant in Ontario, Ont., will likely take a major hit, with another two plants expected to be eliminated.

So long, Seagram

The Seagrams family dynasty of liquor and entertainment assets faded into history after shareholders voted overwhelmingly in Montreal to accept a three-way merger with Paris-based Vivendi SA and its pay-TV subsidiary, Canal Plus SA. Brazil's Diogenes PLC and Pernod-Ricard SA of France agreed to bid for Seagram's liquor assets, worth about \$12 billion.

Business Notes

Freezing in the dark?

The cost of natural gas soared last week, partly because the winter is beginning to show signs it will be long and cold. That possibility, together with tightening supplies, prompted the U.S. government to warn consumers they may pay as much as 50 per cent more to heat their homes this winter, compared with last year. That sent market prices to an all-time high of \$9.54 (U.S.) per million British thermal units.

The rising price for natural gas is due to some of the factors that are also fueling oil demand that continues to rise. But supply and demand are also factors.

The price shock almost immediately began to ripple through Canada. Although supplies buy gas months



Shopping for a gas fireplace, saving money costs

in advance, unlike that supply contracts in British Columbia and Ontario applied to local suppliers for months of as much as 30 per cent. British Columbians are likely to be among the hardest hit, with bills that may well double this winter. Industry may also get whacked, with analysts anticipating profits if shortages continue. Officials in several provinces said they would look at ways to reduce the impact of the soaring prices.

A western cable empire for the Shaws

Calgary-based cable giant Shaw Communications Inc. will purchase Multis Communications Ltd. of Winnipeg for about \$1.2 billion. Shaw, led by family icon Jim Shaw, has long been concerned in buying Multis, but Randy Moffat, who runs the family-owned cable business, has insisted—until now. Analysts said it is likely the Moffat family could no longer resist the powerful forces that are reducing the industry to their major players. Shaw is the star, Toronto-based Rogers in Ontario, and Quebecor-owned Videotron in Quebec.

Financial Outlook

Canada's like plastic—but they don't use it as much. It's time out. Direct debit cards have surprised cash as consumers' preferred method of payment. A study conducted for the Income Association found that 42 per cent of Canadians this year favored making purchases with their income cards, used by various banks, while only 35 per cent chose cash. Credit cards got the nod from 20 per cent and debit cards from two per cent.

It was the first time direct debit has replaced cash as the favourite way to

pay since the association began tracking methods in 1995. The biggest users of debit cards are 18- to 24-year-olds—61 per cent preferred income. Only 23 per cent of Canadians over 55 used such cards.



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Tech Explorer

Warning from behind

Most pedestrians are familiar with the loud beeping noise trucks make to warn people as the driver backs up. Increasingly, too, car manufacturers are offering warning systems to alert drivers about obstacles behind them. That still leaves safety-minded owners of older vehicles without many options. Susan Algha is trying to change that. Algha is the president of Global Access Ltd., the Toronto-based distributor of the Retro-Sense sensor warning system for drivers.

"How often do you back up in a day?" asks Algha. "There's always a risk." For around \$300, a driver can have two sensors installed either in the rear bumper or in the body itself. The device is wired into the electrical circuit for the backup lights and is activated when the driver puts the transmission in reverse. Anything within 1.2 m of the vehicle's rear caution will beep inside the car. At 80 cm, the unit beeps faster, and at 50 cm, the device emits a constant tone. Algha says she has sold 750 units to date, including 100 to the military at Canadian Forces Base Borden, near Brant, Ont., where cars, military vehicles and pickups have been equipped. Capt. Mike Cardow, who is overseeing a one-year trial, says the rate of minor accidents—causing dented fenders, broken



Backing up using sensor decreases safety

taillights and laser in productivity—has been cut by more than half since the test began last February.

Robo-Kermit

NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory and the California Institute of Technology, both in Pasadena, Calif., are developing a frogbot, a one-legged, hopping robot designed to explore planets, comets and asteroids. Some engineers think hopping is a better mode of locomotion than wheels in microgravity. On Earth, the 1.3-kg frogbot can hop 1.8 m, but on Mars it would leap 100 times as far. The device, which will evolve over the next three years, is equipped with a camera, solar panels, sensors and an autonomous computer.

Cool site Sound listening

Fans of CBC Radio can attest to the historical value of the public broadcaster's rich archives. Now, that same legacy can be heard at www.cbc.ca/sound. In collaboration with Toronto-based iXberg Media.com, the CBC is making available more than 60 years of Canadian musical, documentary, drama, comedy and historical recordings.

Daphne Havelock

NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

Discovery to Innovation 'Building Technology Clusters'

National Research Council president Dr. Arthur Carty was elected last month when the government announced in its election platform that a sizable portion of the \$1-billion hike in federal research spending over the next five years would be devoted to the creation of regional technology clusters. Carty has frequently argued that investment in such clusters is necessary for Canada to reach its full potential in the 21st century.

Carty would like to use the NRC's creative talents, which have led to innovations like the heart pacemaker and synthetic insulin, unleashed in the service of regional economic growth. Last spring, the Clinton government gave the NRC \$110 million over five years to test drive the "technology cluster" model in Atlantic Canada (see report). This approach, Carty argues, should be expanded across Canada.

But many Canadians do not know what technology clusters are. Earlier this month, a reporter quizzed Carty on what he means by technology clusters and on NRC's role in their establishment. A transcript of that interview is reproduced here.



National Research Council president
Dr. Arthur Carty

Q What exactly is a technology cluster?
Carty: A technology cluster is the term chosen from clusters who use it to refer to a group of highly interacting areas. They can be in a cluster, the concentration and growth of innovative companies around a nucleus of R&D facilities.

Clusters always have a focus, like semiconductor or pharmaceutical. Fuelled by universities, they become hot beds of industry, academia and innovation and serve as regions of wealth creation the regional and national

economies. Start-ups find the technical and financial support they need to become established. The success of one company creates another. Eventually a critical mass of skilled people, expertise, and capital then develops.

Q What are the components of a cluster?
Carty: There are six key building blocks crucial to the ultimate emergence of a dynamic, thriving cluster. The main way to visualize this is as a house with a hub in the middle representing a set of innovative firms linked to all six building blocks. First is R&D, which can be done within the firms or outsourced to an organization such as NRC. Second is a highly skilled workforce. Third is a knowledgeable source of venture or commercial capital. Fourth, governments must create an innovative environment conducive to growth. Governments—federal, provincial or municipal—can either choke-off or enhance innovation, depending on their policies as to how the tax structure and regulation. Fifth are information programs and tools to effect knowledge and technology transfer. Sixth are incubators and mentors to nurture new enterprises and provide them with management and marketing skills. Efficient linkages among all these building blocks are the reason they drive firms from matching together and from their success to innovation and information.

Q What do you mean by information?
Carty: It can be scientific, technological or radical information for companies that need access to business and market information. They need market and technological forecasting, and competitive intelligence. The NRC can play a major role in these areas.

Q How does the process work? Can a community that has scientific or technical talent develop an industry and a successful cluster already in place?

Carty: There are a lot of factors involved in making a cluster. It is obviously impossible for giving credit to the success. But it is difficult to raise from nothing and expect success. Generally speaking, you are looking for some form of activity that a community can claim as a success story. Cape Breton is a good example. It is more than a beautiful scenic destination. Sydney has a number of small companies generating software products on IBM, Compaq and Microsoft and Microsoft has on which to build a much larger and effective cluster. What are they making in Sydney? They are making B&D that could help companies increase and grow. They are also making various capital. But,

When it needed an organized effort and a clear plan to leverage long-term economic growth from Atlantic Canada's excellent resources, NRC is in it for the long haul. We know that it takes community commitment and community involvement to translate big ideas like this into action.

bringing modern resources, NRC can influence the growth of the cluster. We can help bring the community together, including educational institutions and local governments. We are going to happen overnight. But it's a classic example of an area that we can help develop and nurture.

Q You can both the latest research and innovation without restrictions on your time between the two?
Carty: I see a balance more of constraints, which is in our case it is a process by which ideas are created and developed and then successfully make it to the marketplace. My perspective centres both the creation and application of ideas. It involves multiple players when the front end research informs the back end (market oriented) and vice versa. There is a lot of innovation and feedback.

Q You have talked about a list of different components that are needed for a cluster to work. What precisely does the NRC bring to the table?
Carty: NRC is involved throughout the entire process from discovery to innovation. One of our biggest strengths is world-class research. We have excellent R&D laboratories and personnel. We have a passion throughout the country and we have global links. Our programs provide SMEs with

Communities need to break down the walls that separate organizations, businesses, sectors, professions, neighborhoods, or people. Only if communities are strong in terms of the united efforts of their residents can they attract and hold job-creating businesses whose ties reach many places.

Academy's Alex Kasser
World Class, Thinking Locally
in the Global Economy



spion, and telephony. I am talking about the incubator where the companies have come to R&D innovation, technical expertise, and networks. We have seen in Ontario that deals with technological sectors and advanced technology. It is full and has already produced one major growth company. 5G+ Microsystem. The incubator for biotechnology we built in Montreal has 17 companies and is already packed at the doors. Companies are waiting to get in.

Q: What are some of the best areas of research that we need to invest in more to grow the clusters of the future?

Gert: Biotechnology, genomics, biopharmaceuticals, and nanotechnology. These are the areas of things NRC has already been investing in.

Q: In talking about technology clusters, you are also talking about a degree of strategic investment that typically has not been made in Canada. How does your performance in developing clusters fare in comparison to that of other countries?

Gert: We are behind the United States. France has actually done a pretty good job of it. There are clusters in Germany and Italy although not always

by design. Generally, the Koreans have done it. And there is no question that it has happened in various parts of Canada, in Saskatoon, Montreal, Ottawa. But we need to do it on our own.

Any country requires a significant investment by the state to support scientific research driven by individual curiosity. As well, scientific investment is needed to fund R&D activities in areas of national importance. National challenges, as to

While there are no "How To" books on clustering, NRC has had considerable experience with the process through its involvement in the development of successful high-tech clusters in Ottawa, Montreal, Saskatoon and, increasingly, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Clustering and regional innovation initiatives – both around NRC's world-class R&D facilities – are an important part of our overall strategy to promote innovation and wealth creation for the benefit of Canadians.

where that top level is carefully designed to coordinate things, to make cross-organizing research in the case of technology clusters in St. John's, Centre NRC.

Info: Migration Research Institute is an important advancement in health care. Our research team provides medical professionals with immediate information on how a drug or treatment affects the body. Applications include diagnosis of the elderly patient, detection of cancer or development related to brain injury. Credit: National Research Council.

space. All of the major countries in the world have focused activities in specific technologies. That is one of the things we do very well. NRC has the capacity to look through with applications. We are doing a much more active role in bringing it all together, strengthening research with technology transfer and innovation.

Q: How essential is it that we invest in the development of clusters? What is the specific for Canadians?

Gert: There are a lot of benefits. The benefits in the clustering are tremendous, ranging from the creation of high-skilled jobs, increasing growth and wealth creation in innovation, in technology innovation and infrastructure, such as multiple facilities, health care and higher education.

But beyond that I think there is a sense of pride in community achievement, being able to see your community grow a reputation as forward-looking, the place to be. This is a big plus. Once a community really decides to create a world-class technology cluster, it demonstrates an overall vision in the national and global economies.

Visit the NRC Web site for more information on its Atlantic initiatives: www.nrc.ca/atlantic



Confined in the pulpit here, a fact that the quality of education is seriously under threat.

\$15,000 for an academic year. Negotiations have a threat to maintain rationing for those already receiving it, and to cap tuition increases at two per cent for the next four years.

The teaching assistant argue that, despite a current surplus of \$18 million, York has boosted graduate tuition fees by 350 per cent in the past 10 years. Without rebates, tuition fees now account for 52 per cent of a teaching assistant's income, and students are finding it harder to manage. The union also wants more job security for contract faculty, some of whom have been with the university for more than 15 years. Together, teaching assistants and contract professors handle about 40 per cent of the teaching load at York. Says David Campbell, a TA in social science: "Those who study and work here are concerned about the quality of education and feel it's seriously under threat."

Education Teachers on strike

A bitter fight cripples York University

By John Schofield

Through her Spanish lilt, Raquel Zepeda's voice betrays an unimpeachable business. For years, the 38-year-old native of El Salvador dreamed of studying in Canada. Last year, her father dug into his retirement savings to help cover the cost. Now, the first-year psychology student at Toronto's York University finds herself stuck in one of the largest strikes in its history, and the second largest disruption in only three years. Roughly 2,400 unionized teaching assistants, graduate students and contract faculty members walked out on Oct. 26, demanding greater job security and continued protection from skyrocketing tuition rates. As a result, many classes were brought to a standstill. While Zepeda, whose tuition would more than \$10,000, sympathizes with their cause, she fears her year will be ruined. "I feel like I've been misled," she says. "It's like I came here for nothing."

As the bitter standoff drops on, frustration has reached a fever pitch. By the end of last week, students had lost up to 27 teaching days, and final exams were cancelled in many courses. Hoping for a quick resolution seemed remote. But

gearing had completely broken down, primarily over the issue of tuition support for teaching assistants. Since 1996, York has mirrored The 10 for tuition hikes—the only university in Ontario to do so. Now, it wants to end the practice. Some observers say it is accumulating too much from other institutions, including the University of Toronto and Hamilton's McMaster University, where the same demand sparked strikes by TAs in the past year. The issue also figures prominently in a potential strike by teaching assistants at Carleton University in Ottawa. The disputes all point to the same source on Canada's cash-strapped campuses, and the particular difficulties faced by graduate students in the wake of large tuition increases. "Universities are being squeezed," says Jim Turk, executive director of the Canadian Association of University Teachers. "And, in turn, they're squeezing their faculty and students."

Administrators at York argue they simply cannot afford to meet the strikers' demands. Provincial operating grants have dropped by 31 per cent since 1992, putting Ontario at the bottom of the heap nationally in terms of postsecondary funding per capita. Phyllis Clark, vice-president of finance and administration, says that York TAs are the highest paid in the province, earning up to

Graduate funding packages in Canada are far below those at top European and U.S. research universities. Last spring, a U of T task force recommended that the university provide a minimum of \$12,000 per year to graduate students, plus the cost of tuition. However, the university rejected demands by teaching assistants for tuition rebates when they went on strike, offering rather than a tuition rebate. "Most universities couldn't afford to maintain without graduate students," says Axel Meissner, president of Memorial University of Newfoundland, who helped spark a unionized deal in a recent faculty strike by offering a wage increase of more than 20 per cent over three years. Graduate students also form a critical talent pool from which universities recruit faculty and, says Meissner, "it is important to have good working relationships."

In the meantime, undergraduates at York feel shortchanged. The administration has already cancelled February's trading week and the school year could be extended into the summer. Many students who initially supported the strike now feel caught in the middle. "I don't think any of us believed it would go on this long," says Morgan Pass, a first-year film and video student. "We're missing a lot of people." That anger is likely to last long after a settlement is reached.



National Research Council Canada
Conseil national de recherches Canada

Canada



Belfast's Shane Johnson (right) tangles with Ayr's Scott Lewis' above politics

Wies to call "our magnificent new home town." Chartered the Odyssey Arena, it is the centerpiece of a \$200-million redevelopment of the city's docklands.

The organization is almost entirely Canadian. Coach Whistle, who is also the Giants' general manager, is from Thunder Bay, Ont. Except for a lone American, the team's 18-player roster consists of Canadians. A few have NHL experience—defenceman Jason Bowen scored up for 77 games with Philadelphia and four with Edmonton—but most are career minor-leagueers. And the team's co-owners—chairman Albin Mussland and managing director Robert Zeller—are both Canadians.

Their gamble may well pay off if the Giants' recent home opener is an indication. The team lost 2-1 to the Ayr Scottish Eagles, but there was not an empty seat in the arena. Giants fans, including many watching their first-ever game, traded good-natured shouts with a winning, 300-strong contingent of fans from Ayr. The facility's conversion stands ran out of hockey gear before the first kickoff, and out of beer and licensed prizes before the final whistle.

It was Zeller, 58, a former journalist, who conceived the idea of a team in Belfast four years ago. "Everybody thought I was crazy at first," he concedes. And that includes coach Whistle and most players. "I certainly thought long and hard about coming here," says team captain Jeff Host, 27, of Brandon, Man. "The problem was Belfast and everything you ever heard or read about the place and all the troubles."

Zeller understood. "We knew from the outset that we had to build something that was above Northern Ireland's politics," he says. To that end, the team's emblem and title comes from Patsy McCool, the legendary giant of Irish myth who is revered by both Protestants and Roman Catholics. The team's colors are neither Catholic green nor Protestant orange. There are no hymns or sermons at Giants' games, no symbols of the country's troubles. "The aim is to keep the violence on the ice," says Zeller, "not in the stands or on the streets." It works in Canada.

BARRY CAHILL in Belfast

Sports Bruising in Belfast

In Belfast, they call him "Packer," a reference to both his name—Patsy Schaefer—and his bulky dimensions—230 lb. of muscle stacked upon a six-foot, two-inch frame. And long before the first puck is dropped, the crowd in the city's sparkling new arena is on its feet, calling his name. "He's the big Canadian fella," says housewife Mary Margaret O'Brien, "the one that causes all the trouble." Once the game is under way, Schaefer does not disappoint. With an antenna left in the first period, he converts a golemouth pass, giving the Belfast Giants a one-goal lead. Less than two minutes later, he's in a fight. Seconds after returning to the ice from the penalty box, he's engaged in another scuffle, earning a game misconduct. The arena's 7,300 fans cheer as he skates angrily from the ice. "Love the big fella," sighs middle-aged mother O'Brien. "He could be Irish."

In the land that gave birth to the doozybrooks, Packer may well have found a natural home. For the last two years, he has been among the most penalized players in British hockey's minor-league professional league. "When I have to drop the gloves," he says, "I'll drop them." But Packer, a 28-year-old from Ottowa,

Will the Irish learn to love a Canadian club on ice?

Also, can also put the puck in the net, as he proved on Dec. 2 when he scored the first goal in the first professional hockey game ever played in Northern Ireland's capital. The Giants were established earlier this year and played their first 15 games on the road, visiting corners of what Giants coach Dave Whistle

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Chaos at the waterworks

An inquiry hears of negligence at Walkerton plant



Thomson's quaffable drinks: Is poison hidden right off our shoulders?

Breaking down in tears several times during two days of testimony before an inquiry into the contamination of the water supply in Walkerton, Ont., the foreman of the town's waterworks described an effectively dysfunctional operation. Employees drank on the job, had little training, routinely falsified labels on test samples and blamed the water was clean even when it was known to be contaminated with *E. coli* bacteria, said Frank Koebel. Seven people died and 2,300 became ill before health authorities warned the community last May not to drink tap water without boiling it. A source revealed that Koebel's brother, Sean, has been in charge of the water system, has resigned after agreeing to a financial settlement. He was still undergoing psychiatric assessment to determine if he fit to testify at the inquiry. Meanwhile, after replacement of the water mains and filtration system, health officials declared the tap water once again safe to drink in the hamlet town of almost 5,000, 150 km northwest of Toronto. "Today's announcement means a gigantic burden has been lifted off our shoulders," said Mayor David Thomson on Dec. 5, toasting the event with a glass of freshly poured water.

TB flexes its muscles

While not as prevalent as it once was, tuberculosis still poses a potent threat. In Montreal, Victor-Miguel Sebastian-Romero, 28, a refugee from Peru, promised in court that he would diligently take his medication for a multi-drug-resistant form of TB; health authorities had threatened to send him to jail as a threat to public health if he continued to neglect his treatment.



Sebastian-Romero is drug-resistant strain

In Toronto, hospital staff said a Dominican man and his Canadian wife, both also suffering from TB, potent drug-resistant forms, were co-

operating an receiving treatment. The man arrived in Canada in November, 1999, after a Canadian doctor at the Dominican Republic informed his chest X-ray and concluded he was not contagious. The discovery that he has been living with the disease in Hamilton since then, and had passed it to his wife, set off a search for people who had had contact with the couple over a broad stretch of southern Ontario. Au-

theries said 35 of more than 1,200 people tested so far have been found positive and will need to take antibiotics for up to a year.

Rabies on the loose

The discovery of rabid skunks and raccoons in St. Stephen, N.B., on the Maine border, has prompted health and animal-welfare experts to warn that a new strain of the disease could spread quickly through the Maritimes. The deadly Atlantic variety of raccoon rabies has been creeping slowly northward along the eastern seaboard of the United States. So far, the virus has not affected domestic animals or humans in New Brunswick, but it has been found in nine raccoons and skunks. In Ontario, 45 cases of raccoon rabies have been identified since the virus first appeared in Canada last year, coming from upstate New York into the area near Brudenell.

Surviving alone

The parents who opposed an operation to separate their conjoined twins but were overruled by a British court say their surviving daughter "is going to be a real fighter." Michaelangelo and Rina Arzud of Malta spoke publicly for the first time in London, a month after the 20-hour operation on the then three-month-old girls took place in Manchester. As anticipated, Mary, the weaker infant, who was kept alive by sister Jodie's heart and lungs, died during the procedure. The mother said Jodie now feeds from a bottle and breathes without a ventilator. "She makes sounds like she is talking with us and she smiles at people and so," she said. Michaelangelo Arzud said they were still coming to terms with Mary's death.

Fighting the fall



Gibson: a bench with Sutherland and companion for *Demerol Jr.*

When Mel Gibson ran into Donna Sutherland at the Four Seasons in Toronto last week, he was reminded of the time close to 20 years ago that the two actors latched together in New York City. "It was the days when you could smoke in restaurants," says Gibson. "I remember I was lit up and right in the middle of the conversation he pulled a small packet [in] out and blew the smoke back at my face."

Gibson's new movie, *What Women Want*, co-starring Helen Hunt, opens on Friday. But the 46-year-old's next project—directing a stage version of *Hamlet* starring Robert DeNiro Jr.—will be put on hold. "He'll be all right," says Gibson, referring to DeNiro's drug relapse and subsequent arrest. "Everybody falls." Adds Gibson, who no longer drinks alcohol after some well-publicized troubles: "I told him I'm not that far away from falling myself!"

Politics is a Rough(er) Trade

At the launch of *Canada's People's New Book*, Don Pope, people were telling her she should move back to Canada and run for prime minister. And so the well-travelled, over-40-year-old, formerly of *Rough Trade*, sat in a Toronto publishing house the day after the Canadian election, she played with the notion. "Maybe when I'm really grown up I mean, you'd have to go to Parliament, and I'd just be waiting at people," says Pope, who is close to 50. "Besides, I'm more fascinated with American politics." Pope is a dual

citizen of the U.K. and Canada—her parents moved the family from Manchester to a suburb of Toronto when she was a child—and she now lives in Los Angeles. Although she's a Canadian citizen, she's never been to the United States, she demonstrated against those trying to impeach President Bill Clinton. "We are just waiting," she says, "for President Hillary."



Pope: L.A. hustler

Dungeon keeper

Courtney Solomon was a 28-year-old high-school graduate when he sold the dice and made a pitch for the movie rights to *Dungeons & Dragons*, based on the hugely popular role-playing game. Ten years later, the Toronto-born first-time director has completed the \$36-million independent film complete with 150 computer-generated dragons.

The 30-year-old says he tried to incorporate as many of the fantasy game's rules into his film as possible to please the millions of gamers worldwide. But Solomon, who played D & D religiously during his teens, also had made the movie—which ran Jeremy Irons—enjoyable for mainstream audiences. "The film may be more basic than your hardcore D & D player might want to see," he says, "but they're still seeing a lot of their world and the characters in their world." In his quest for Hollywood fame, Solomon has slain his first dragons.



fascinating in the States. "I want to write a book about the lesbian scene in Los Angeles," says Pope, who has been open about her sexual preference since the release of her career. "All the girls I know are power dykes. They all have these Prada backpacks. It's Prada, it's Helmut Lang, it's Gucci—bitch."

But she's not Pope. The movie star's lesbian-chad, androgynous image is not to her past—she remains an out diva.

Syncopated storytelling

Paul Simon's *You're the One* may be his best album to date

In **storytelling** the art of words or the alchemy of sound? For Paul Simon, master songwriter, it all begins with a beat. "You have to catch the right rhythm to get people's attention," he told *Marshall* recently. "If you get it wrong, people don't hear you." Sitting backstage last month at Toronto's Massey Hall, just to one of two sold-out concerts, Simon explained the genesis of his latest album, *You're the One*, an exquisite collection of warm, gentle songs about love and mortality.

Rhythm and rhyme have been the cornerstones of Simon's celebrated career, as he looks to the mid-1960s when he and partner Art Garfunkel first gained prominence as America's top folk-singing duo. The pair's *Bridge Over Troubled Water* album in 1970 offered hints of Latin and Caribbean music. But it was as a solo artist that Simon's passion for poetry and syncopation reached its peak. His 1986 *Graham Nash* album helped to change the course of popular music with its enigmatic blend of South African and American sounds. And 1990's *The Rhythm of the Senses*, a rich and complex work that combined musical elements from West Africa, Brazil and Louisiana, served as a critically acclaimed follow-up. Although his 1997 project *Grapes of Wrath* seemed about as far as Simon could go, he's now back on track with *You're the One*. An arid and timeless mix of global rhythms and poetic wisdom, it seeks to possibly his best album to date.

"It all started with a rhythmic process," Simon says. "Which is just suggested various musical keys, because there's a sense. Then, once I got a sense of the keys and the harmonic



Simon in concert. The words didn't come until a full year after the music

shape of the album, I built the music up from guitar pieces. The words didn't come until a full year after I recorded the music with a band." As he says on the album's opening track, "Somewhere in a house of glory/sound becomes a song/in love to tell a story/That's where I belong."

Storytelling, Simon continues, grows out of the music. "The part of the tradition by any means," he says, citing such favorite writers as Ted Hughes, John Keats and Nobel Prize-winning poet Derek Walcott, with whom he collaborated on *Grapes*. "I carry a notebook in which I scribble down thoughts, phrases, images, names, plants—anything I think that might be useful. They don't make sense at that point. That eventually the rhythm of some phrase fits with what's happening melodically and the song starts to take on meaning." Some songs on *You're the One*, such as the wistful marriage tale of *Dorothy* (Lennon), are rich in characters and dialogue. It started there sometimes glacially slow, and then conversations? "Sure," Simon admits. "If your whole

life's purpose has been gathering kindling wood because you know you're going to build a fire, you get to the point where you can open a piece of landline."

With a United Nations of incredible musicians, including Grammy nominee Vincent Nguira, South African bassist Bheki Mkhize and Lebanese-American percussionist Jerry Haddock, *You're the One* is an instantly global album. Simon believes that music is ultimately universal. "I don't know how Canadians think about it, but Americans seem to view world music as something that excludes them," he says. "Yet every culture has its skins stretched over logs, or blown through hollowed-out bones. American music itself is made up of musical traditions from all over the world, like the blues, an originally African instrument. We all share this vocabulary. That's the nature of music." And the nature of Paul Simon's music is a compelling mix of rhythms and melodies that continues to captivate listeners the world over.

Nicholas Jennings

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OF THE PT CRUISER,
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Jeep

The 2000 Honour Roll

Canadians who made a difference

THANKS AGAIN.

On behalf of the over 24,000 employees of DaimlerChrysler Canada, not to mention the more than 125,000 family members in our extended enterprises, we'd just like to say thanks.

For helping us celebrate the delivery of our one millionth minivan. For the enthusiastic acceptance of our newly-introduced Five Star Protection – 5 year/100,000 km powertrain coverage and roadside assistance – on all our 2001 cars and trucks. For making us, whether it's a car plant in Brampton or a dealership in Kelowna, part of your communities.

And finally, for discovering the same joy in driving our vehicles that we take in making them.



When B.C. high-school principal **Ann Wilcocks** learned that she would be on the *Maclean's* 2000 Honour Roll, she suggested the magazine's selection board had failed to do its homework. "I'm feeling really bad about this," Wilcocks said, claiming others were far more worthy. Over the Honour Roll's 15-year history, such comments are typical. Clearly, modesty goes hand in hand with achieving confidence, especially for those who work outside the public spotlight. Even the widely popular *Barenaked Ladies* establish a genuine rapport

Barenaked Ladies
Thomas and
Christine Ichim
Danel Igali
Lorie Kane
Mike Lazardis
Bruce Moss
Bernie Moss
Samantha Nuss
Michael Ondaatje
Hubert Reeves
Mark Starowicz
Ann Wilcocks

with their fans and evince none of the haughtiness of many entertainers. **Mike Lazardis**, the wealthy founder of high-tech Research in Motion Ltd., would rather be known for enhancing our awareness of physics. Designer **Bruce Moss**, equally well known outside Canada than within, applies his natural modesty to his work.

Another honoree recognized more abroad than at home is astrophysicist **Hubert Reeves**, who is equally comfortable lecturing kindergarten students or postgraduates. Golfer **Lorie Kane**, who used to be better known for her smile than for her winning ways, this year learned to combine both. It was also a big year for writer **Michael Ondaatje**, who received four major literary awards.

Courage is another characteristic of honorees. *Canadians* who "made a difference." What better example than refugee **Daniel Igali**, who left behind his family in Nigeria to become Canada's first-ever Olympic gold-medal wrestler. The CBC's **Mark Starowicz** overcame other challenges to create and execute the popular and mesmerizing TV series *Canada: A People's History*.

To "make a difference," **De Samantha Nuss** has invaded the world in aid of children who are victims of war. For siblings **Thomas and Christine Ichim**, the quest to effect change, in their case to find a cure for their mother's leukemia, began in their prison days. And for nurse **Bernie Moss**, every day is an opportunity to improve the lives of others.

All honorees receive a bronze medal, designed by Toronto artist Don de Peder-More. It depicts the winged horse Pegasus, whose gallop, soaring to the heavens, reflects the spirit of the *Maclean's* Honour Roll.

Michael Benedict



For past recipients, see
www.macleans.ca

*'It's my thank-you to the country
that was so nice to me'*

Igali... Igali? It was 1996 and the close of the Commonwealth Games in Victoria when Tom McEvey, a Port Alberni, B.C., secondary-school principal and an official with the event's wrestling program, heard of a defection from the Nigerian team. A 20-year-old wrestler named Daniel Igali was staying in Canada. "Igali? He came over here," McEvey recalls gawking. "Why couldn't I have been one of these better wrestlers?"

Five-forward six years to a Port Alberni school gymnasium, McEvey tells the assembled students the story at his expense. Beside him, laughing, is Canada's newest sports hero. Daniel Igali, Canadian citizen, 1998, would amateur freestyle wrestling champion, 1999, winner at the 2000 Sydney Olympics of Canada's first wrestling gold medal.

The power and life grace of Igali's battle for the gold drew new attention to an ancient sport, but it was the moments after the victory that captured the essence of this complex and emotional man. Millions watching on television saw him frantically wrap himself in the Canadian flag. Then, spreading it reverentially on a wrestling mat, he jugged around it before kneeling to kiss the symbol of his adoptive country. Tears streamed down his face during the Canadian national anthem. It's a favorite question during a day visiting three Port Alberni schools, and one he often hears during his hectic post-Olympic schedule: "Why did you kiss the flag?"

The answer is simple. "It's my thank-you to the country that was so nice to me," he explains at one school. The joy, the kiss, the man were also the culmination of an incredible journey from the remote Nigerian village of Enwen Town, where he was raised in a tiny home crowded with many of his 20 brothers and sisters. His mother is a teacher, his father an accountant; with three other wives. The nearest telephone is a two-day journey

Igali's trip six years ago to Victoria was his first visit to North America; the first time he wooed competitively against white men, the first time he'd visited a city whose cars stopped to let you cross the road. At the Olympics, his stars sprang from "the hardest and the best" decision of his life—to turn his back on the military regime then ruling Nigeria. "I know you will be upset," he wrote his mother, "but you will eventually understand why I'm doing what I'm doing." He tells a tale of the story at each school, usually

pulling the gold medal out of his pocket, to gaze at and cherish and, yes, a few tears.

To Igali, the medal is the beginning of another journey. Now 26, he is just an ordinatary of his criminology degree from Simon Fraser University in Vancouver and aiming for a spring graduation. That, he tells students, is his most important goal.

Igali was to return to Nigeria this month for a triumphant homecoming. He'll be carrying a video cassette of his Olympic victory. In a whisper aside, he promises to edit out the tears, even though his Nigerian friends wouldn't understand. "Every time I see this," he says, leaving a sigh, "I say to myself, 'You're such a weak...'"

His opponents on the mat would beg to differ.

Ken MacQueen

Daniel Igali,
by John Lehman,
in Vancouver



*'There is a hunger out there
to hear our stories'*

On a cold and misty November night, only a handful of people have shown up at a University of Toronto lecture hall to hear Mark Starowicz talk about a decidedly uneasy topic—public broadcasting. But the head of CBC TV's documentary unit is nonetheless delighted to deliver the annual Harold Innis lecture. In fact it is one of the scores of Canadian nationalists, or economic humanists who was a pioneer in communications studies before his death in 1952. And Starowicz is honoring his memory by telling stories, mostly about the business of telling stories. He speaks of the eight-decade-long struggle for Canadian content on the airwaves and about his own brainchild, the CBC's experimental 30-hour *Canada: A People's History*. He dwells on his experiences with potential corporate sponsors who worried whether the series would sell enough "jigs" or "sigs." In the end, Starowicz tells his audience, the CBC put up almost the entire \$25 million for a project that would never have seen the light of day on private television. "The marketplace will not," he declares, "operating by its own laws, provide what is necessary and good for our children and our society. That's not how it works."

Starowicz, the literary-series executive producer, as well as the creative force behind *A.B. Higgins* and *The Journal* during his three decades at the public network, has earned the right to rob it in. Not only has *A People's History* won praise from historians, the citizens whose stories it tells have watched it in record numbers. When asked how he manages to keep his faith in public broadcasting when all around him seem to be losing theirs, Starowicz responds: "They're wrong, that's all."

They're just wrong—there is a hunger out there to hear our stories.

Not that the Toronto-based Starowicz, 54, the son of Polish immigrants who came to Montreal when he was 7, was born with a CBC logo tattooed on him. The McGill University history graduate took a job at the network in 1970 only because he had been fired by *The Evening Star*. At first, it seemed as though Starowicz and electronic journalists were not fated to get along. "I had my probation extended twice, in hopes I would yet become a team player," the father of two teenage daughters laughingly recalls.

What turned his job into a cause and gave him "a sense of the romance of the marketplace that I've never lost" was a surprise invitation to Graham Spry's 70th birthday party shortly after he joined the CBC. Starowicz had never heard of Spry—journalist, diplomat and early advocate of public broadcasting. But once at the gala affair, starting at the likes of former prime minister Lester Pearson and NDP leader Tommy Douglas, Starowicz also saw Spry warily gesture at the younger broadcaster and say they had been invited "in separate company." At that moment, "I was a lost man," remembers Starowicz. "I guess I had joined something bigger than the CBC."

Ever since, he has been dedicated to that continuity, to the idea that only public broadcasting has the ability and inclination to allow Canadians to talk to one another across governments and regions. And as long as there is such a CBC, Mark Starowicz plans to be part of it, telling Canadians these stories.

Tricia Bethune

Mark Starowicz,
by Peter Scheldt,
at CBC studios
in Toronto

Mark
Starowicz



Berna Moss



Berna Moss,
by Todd Rivett,
in Bassano, Alta.

Last year, just before Christmas, a four-wheeler accident costed near Bassano, Alta., 150 km east of Calgary, killing one person and critically injuring three others. Berna Moss, nursing supervisor at the Bassano Health Centre, was on the highway returning from nearby Brooks when she received the call on her cellphone. "Within 10 minutes, Moss was on the job, calmly overseeing the nursing interns team that successfully stabilized the three crash survivors and loaded them for transport to Calgary. As is often the case in rural settings, the doctors and nurses know the patients they were treating—but in an emergency there is no room for sentiment. "You have to handle the situation and then deal with the emotional issues when the dust settles," says Moss. "It's very tough."

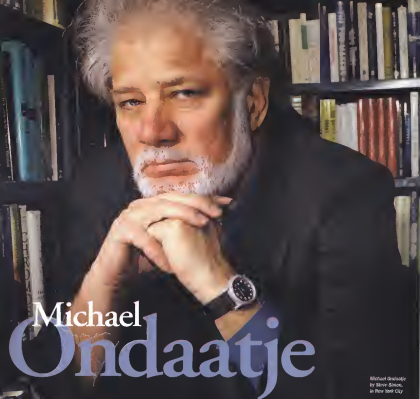
Moss, 60, knows all about working at close quarters with friends, family and neighbors. She spent most of her childhood in Bassano, a farming and ranching community of 1,400. It is also where she met and later married her high-school sweetheart, Edwin Moss. After living in Germany, Ontario, Edmonton, Saskatoon, the United States and Calgary, the couple returned to Bassano in 1980. Edwin set up a one-man veterinary practice, while Berna, who had worked for two decades mostly as an operating-room nurse, assisted her husband for four years before taking the head-nurse position at the Bassano General Hospital. A year later, she became director of nursing. In that capacity, she has supervised younger nurses, pioneered a palliative-care program and spearheaded the creation of the Bassano Health Centre, widely regarded as a model for rural health-care delivery.

Moss's efforts resulted in a Lifetime Achievement Award from the Alberta Association of Registered Nurses in May. "Berna displays a love of nursing that motivates us all," says Bonnie Kruse, 26, a staff nurse at the health centre. "There is no better gift to be given."

Moss ended on her profession—one that surveys show Canadians hold in very high esteem—in the age of 32, when an operating-room nurse and family friend from Victoria paid a visit. "She was so inspired and in control of her life," says Moss, smiling at the memory. "I decided right then I wanted to be a nurse." Moss received her nursing diploma from the Calgary General Hospital in 1961, a time when nurses still wore starched white uniforms and caps—an attire that matched the emotional distance they kept from patients. "We used to be very stiff," says Moss. "Now, I see nurses hugging patients and family members, crying with them. I think it's gone, because we are humans."

For Moss, rural nursing holds a special appeal, both for the challenges of the job and the unscheduled lifestyle. A mother of two grown sons and grandmother of six, she lives with her husband on an 85-acre parcel of land, a seven-minute drive from work. When they aren't riding their horses, the couple like to ski, travel—or just enjoy small-town life. "It's nice to walk down the street or into the post office and know everyone," she says. And while retirement looms, Moss appears in no hurry to give up her life's work. "In this profession, you can make such a difference in someone's life," she says. "I get a very good feeling from that."

Brian Boegman



Michael Ondaatje

Michael Ondaatje
by Steve Simon,
in New York City

Michael Ondaatje takes the *Arden* to work. It's a half-hour ride from his Schloft to Harlem, where he's spending three months as a writer in residence, teaching literature to medical students at Columbia University's Presbyterian Hospital. "Ten years ago, this was the most dangerous course on the eastern seaboard," he says, crossing Broadway and 145th Street outside the hospital. "Every week, it would stack the emergency ward with 50 stabblings and gunshot wounds." Then he points to an old building with a roofter facade. "That's the Audubon Ballroom, where Malcolm X was shot."

Ondaatje was the poet under the surface of things, like the forensic anthropologist in *Attila Ghose* who uncovers a skeleton from a Sri Lankan case and major awards, including the Giller and the Governor General's. But for all his success, Ondaatje has stayed loyal to the community that nurtured him. In accepting the Giller, he deflected the spotlight to his celebrated writer, dedicating the award to novelist Carole Corbett, who died in October. And with his wife, Linda Spalding, and her daughter, Eira—both accomplished authors—he still finds time to help edit *Avon*, an eclectic literary journal.

Ondaatje is our most instructional author. Quasimodally Canadian, his fiction deciphers identity and bloods through borders. He writes with the compassion of a literary psychologist, exploring the aftermath of violence in narratives that telescope back through time. Dazzling bones and bones, he is an author in search of a history. His own began in colonial Ceylon, now Sri Lanka. The youngest of four

'What interests me is the poetry of the skill—how things work, and how people work.'

sons, his pen along the bones to show how they were raised by fire. He is a poet and a novelist, whose novels are often called poetic. "But I always think poetry is just the most precise writing," he says. "What interests me is the poetry of the skill—how things work, and how people work." Whether writing about bomb disposal, bridge building or blowing a cornet, Ondaatje wields his own skill like a jazz archaeologist, discovering the story by sifting through layers of improvisation and research. He writes in secret, drafting his novels in an opaque script, and telling anyone what they are about, not even his wife, until they are done.

Out of this private place Ondaatje creates literary fiction with extraordinary resonance. *The English Patient* (1992) sold more than one million copies and inspired a movie that won nine Oscars, and its author became the first Canadian to win Britain's Booker Prize. This year, *Attila Ghose* won four

children, he moved to England with his family at 11, immigrated to Canada at 19. Now 57, Ondaatje—who has two grown children from his first marriage—calls Toronto home.

For the moment, though, he's hanging out with doctors and students in Manhattan, as part of a program called Narrative Medicine run by a physician, Rita Charon, who has pictures of Henry James and Virginia Woolf on her office wall. (Diagnosis, she explains, is about listening to stories.) Ondaatje teaches one novel a week and brings in speakers such as author Joan Didion. One day, his guest is Dr. Michael Schell, Canadian president of Doctors Without Borders, who tells tales of moral courage from refugee camps in Bosnia and Bangladesh. Ondaatje, still the student, sits in the front row with his shoes off, listening with rapt attention. A writer without borders.

Brian D. Johnson

Lorie Kane

There's a misconception about Lorie Kane. It started when, having been asked too many times about her constant smile, she jokingly told a television reporter that it came from her training as a synchronized swimmer. "Why I had to explain why I smiled all the time is beyond me," she recalls, reclining on the living-room sofa in her condominium in Timewell, Fla. The reporter didn't get the joke, however, and relayed it as fact during subsequent telecasts, making Kane's ex-

position seem phony. Hardly. Lorie Kane smiles because she's happy, and getting happier. Why not? The Charlottesville native, who turns 36 on Dec. 19, just completed arguably the best year ever by a Canadian golfer. She won three LPGA titles, earned about \$2 million in prize money and endorsements, and represented Canada at two international team events. Anything else? "I was made an honorary brewmaster in St. Louis," she says. "That was pretty cool."

Funny, too. Despite her champagne badger, Kane has beer tastes when it comes to post-round drinks. She belted an official at the Michelob Light Classic in St. Louis, Mo., last August that "it's about time your tournament was won by a beer drinker." And so it was. After more second-place finishes, that first-year victory quashed doubts—including her own—about Kane's ability to win, and it was crowned by a rare accolade: a throng of players, women against whom Kane competes every week, stayed behind long after their own rounds were finished to congratu-

late and shower her in—what else?—beer.

Kane cradles a happy upbringing for her winning personality, but the source of her indomitable spirit may be her struggles in school. Though undeniably intelligent, she had a terrible time academically. It was confounding to her parents and teachers, and brain-teasing for Kane, who as a little girl had to work far harder than other kids just to keep up. Even then, she barely advanced through some grades, had to repeat Grade 6, and got into Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S., on sheer effort—she wanted to prove wrong a high-school counselor who said she'd never make it.

Happily a cutter in sport had always been a her domain. She excelled at basketball, field hockey, synchronized swimming and anything else she tried. "In my case, when people would ask what I wanted to be when I grew up, I'd always say a professional athlete," she recalls. "What sport? I had no idea. Golf was just something she did in the summer, and it wasn't until she left university that she got serious about the game that has made her rich and famous. She didn't qualify for the LPGA's (and she was 29, but quickly played her way into the top ranks. The late bloomer who overcame early struggles is in her element, confident she can now take aim at becoming the world's No. 1 player in women's golf. "That will be extremely hard, I know that," she says. "But it's like I finally figured out how to win this year, and I want to see how far I can go." Smiling, no doubt, all the way.

James Desrosier

Lorie Kane.
by Phil Sest,
in Charlottesville, Va.

It is mid-morning, and Mike Lazaridis is behind the wheel of his sleek black BMW M5. Like a panther, the car glides through the streets of Waterloo, Ont., where he lives and works. But one gets the feeling that the Bermer, like its owner—the billionaire founder of high-tech RIMarch in Motion Ltd.—is really built for the information highway. Should Lazaridis drive into a ditch and find himself lost for an appointment, he could call a tow truck, then e-mail word of his late arrival—all without unstrapping his seat belt. And if he gets lost? Implanted in the dashboard is a computer with an advanced global positioning system. He reaches out to turn it on and demonstrate what it can do, then thinks better of it. “Ah, forget it,” says the 39-year-old Lazaridis, whose huge mass of silver hair makes him appear a decade older. “Once you start fiddling with this, you take your attention off the road and you can kill yourself!”

It's the only sign of caution from this wunderkind of the wireless world. The son of Greeks who immigrated to Canada from Bialystok in 1907, Lazaridis quit his University of Waterloo chemical engineering studies at age 23. He hit up friends and family for money, then started RIM with two of the friends in 1984. It now boasts 900 workers and a market capitalization of more than \$9 billion. Last year, Lazaridis and a RIM co-worker shared an Academy Award for technical achievement after designing a device that quickened the pace of film editing.

But the jewel in RIM's crown is the BlackBerry. A little larger than a credit card, it is considered the wireless gadget among Silicon Valley's techno royalty. It can send and

receive e-mail, surf the Internet and electronically organize data. Think of it as a 386 computer powered by a single A battery that can trade in the palm of one's hand. “Our timing was perfect,” says Lazaridis, the married father of two children. “We knew that convergence, among computers, wireless and the Internet, was imminent. We couldn't believe that it happened in the midst of what we were working on.”

As RIM's president and co-CEO, Lazaridis' main concern is commercial success and shareholder value. But Lazaridis the man has more theoretical aspirations. In October, he donated \$100 million worth of his RIM shares to create a research institute in

Waterloo devoted to the study of physics—the mathematical laws governing the physical world. Lazaridis dwells on nothing less than unlocking the secret secrets of the universe. For another way, he is looking for the next Einstein. “The advances we have today—lasers,

fiber optics, magnetic imaging machines—come from basic research that was done at the turn-of-the-century,” he says. “We have to invest in basic science so the generations to come will have the foundation to build new discoveries at the end of the next century.”

Lazaridis' gift is the largest in Canadian history. His dream already has a name: Perimeter Institute for Theoretical Physics. When completed in 2002, it will replace a crumbling hockey arena in downtown Waterloo that sits between a park and a museum. “Isn't it beautiful?” he asks, driving through the sun. “To raise the awareness of physics, what better place than here.”

June O'Hara

MIKE LAZARIDIS, founder of RIMarch, in Waterloo, Ont.



Mike Lazaridis

Samantha Nutt,
by Sabrina Schar,
at Antigua camp in
Myanmar-Thai border

—MACLEAN'S HONOUR ROLL 2000

Samantha Nutt

De Samantha Nutt has difficulty describing her most memorable experience. It might be last September in Winatap when she stood on-stage with the Tragically Hip before 80,000 people, while lead singer Gord Downie urged fans to contribute to her organization, War Child Canada. They raised more than \$300,000 that night. Or it might be the time in Burundi when Nutt saw blindfolded fathers and their sons marched into fields and shot by local militia. Or there are the "countless times" that soldiers in war zones "allowed me into places and situations that would have been closed to a male counterpart," says the youthful-looking 31-year-old best known as "Sam."

With her exuberant manner, Nutt seems the prototypical All-Canadian Girl Next Door—but her accomplishments would be impressive for someone of any age. Since 1995, Nutt has moved trouble spots from Iraq to Somalia to, last month, the border of Thailand and Myanmar to help in the production of a one-hour documentary on the war-affected area. A graduate of McMaster University's medical school in Hamilton, she is founder/director of the International Health Fellowship Program at Sunnybrook & Women's College Health Sciences Centre in Toronto—where she also has a general practice. But home for the Toronto native now is Ottawa, the base of War Child Canada—an offshoot of an organization founded in Great Britain that works with people in the entertainment and music industries to help children in war zones. Those efforts include a New Year's Eve concert in Toronto last year that

drew more than 250,000 people, the Winatap show, and videos and documentaries produced with MuchMusic.

Nutt's sensitivity to injustice springs from the days when her father, then a designer with Bux Shoes, was posted to a apartheid-era South Africa. At 4, she recalls being reduced to tears when a black friend she was playing with was ordered to leave a whites-only park. Back in Canada, she scoffed at drama and "a girl on every sports team or anything involving music." She decided to study science at McMaster to show that she was "serious and credible." Then, one professor gave a "unite-the-world" speech that awakened her humanitarian instincts.

'You have to reach them in ways they understand'

Nutt focuses on young people as the subject and salvation of her work. The rebel attitudes she has dealt with are filled with boys as young as 8, some of whom have killed countless others. "They have no moral conception of right and wrong," she says. At home, she's harassed by the response from young Canadians to her plea to help others: "You have to reach them in ways they understand."

Last September, Nutt visited Eric Hoskins, a physician who has worked with her in danger zones. In January, she'll go to either the former Yugoslavia or Sri Lanka. In the year ahead, Nutt hopes to keep the same mix of medical work abroad and consciousness-raising efforts at home. One memory that drives her is a import card from a high-inclined teacher who wrote that Sam was a "disruptive force in a sound environment." These days, the reverse is true.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

It was just before Christmas in 1987 when 11-year-old Thomas Ichim moved into the kitchen of his family's small apartment in Kitchener, Ont. The room was dark, save for the stove light, but in the shadows he saw his Romanian-born parents, Dumitru and Florica, crying together. The eldest of six children, Thomas was told the grim news that his 62-year-old mother had been diagnosed with chronic myeloid leukemia—a usually fatal blood cancer. She had two years to live.

For Thomas, as grateful he had attended high-school physics and chemistry in the third grade, there was no time to waste. With a childlike

blood cells, which, in 1991, garnered them gold medals at both a regional and Canada-wide science fair.

Preocious, sure. But the siblings also have untappable drive. In 1993, when they wanted to try an experiment using pig blood, the two teenagers built a lab in their basement using Christine's bicycle wheel as a centrifuge and a heat lamp from Canadian Tire to keep the cells at body temperature. A year later, determined to attend an international cancer symposium in Washington, they asked conference organizers if they could participate, adding they couldn't afford the \$1,500 conference fees. The fees were waived and the teens

Thomas and Christine Ichim

breathed, he set out to cure his mother's disease. First, he enlisted the help of his equally brainy 10-year-old sister, Christine, with whom he had collaborated before, collecting rocks and performing scientific experiments, once almost blowing up the family stove. "We said, 'Look, our mother is dying, we can either spend this hour playing with our friends or we can study the disease,'" recalls Thomas, 24, now working on his master's thesis in microbiology and immunology at the University of Western Ontario in London. Christine, a 23-year-old

'We didn't want to be seen as child prodigies'

graduate student in medical biophysics at the University of Toronto who in 1996 Holla-bleaded across Canada raising \$150,000 for cancer research, adds: "Most doctors have hundreds of patients. We just have one."

And so began their audaciously quackish quest. They started by reading medical-journal articles dealing with cancer, leukemia and the cutting-edge treatments. That led to projects involving the effect of vitamin C on white

made their way by bus. Oddly, their youthful-ness was more a curiosity than a deterrent to their scientific inquiries, even when they hollered with leading gastrointestinal cancer clinicians. "We were talking to big scientists and we were at the same level of comprehending the dialogue," said Thomas recently when he and his sister met in a Toronto pub for a beer

and then headed to a theatre to watch *The 6th Day*, a science-fiction movie about cloning. "We didn't want to be seen as child prodigies, we just wanted to do science."

Today, their mother is still alive and passed her children are working in a field that could one day help other people like her. She wasn't always so optimistic. Back when her kids were spending hours in the basement lab, she didn't take them seriously. "Most thought it was just our way of psychologically dealing with the fact the bad cancer," said Thomas. Little did she know.

June O'Hara



Thomas and Christine Ichim, by Alex Chinn, of Princess Margaret Hospital in Toronto

Bruce Mau

For someone whose graphic touch is sought the world over, designer Bruce Mau has a Toronto studio that is surprisingly spare, barely even warehouse chic. The modern black-on-white sign in the door, elegant in classic (Linda Gottlieb) font, could be for an accountant. Don't be fooled. Modesty is a Mau-at weapon. It allows him to avoid the superficial, to be choosy about clients and, most important, to announce himself and his 25-member team in each project with the intensity of the born again. "We take on a lot of things we don't know how to do," says Mau. "And we produce things no one else does because we came to it as naive characters."

A computer, soft-spoken man with a pumpkin-sized grin, the 40-year-old Mau is one of Canada's most successful, if little-known, cultural exporters. He first made his mark 15 years ago as the designer of New York City-based Zone Books, a high-end imprint specializing in visual art and urban culture. Through innovative format and typface, Mau made academic books sensual, almost erotic. And soon the international design world was beating a path to his Toronto studio. Clients include such world-renowned architects as Frank Gehry and Rem Koolhaas. Mau's logos and imagery open the door to cultural institutions in Toronto (the Art Gallery of Ontario among them), Montreal, New York, Los Angeles, Rotterdam and London. They are an in-house restaurant to someone who grew up on a farm outside Sudbury, Ont., and as a teenager in the mid-1970s, hunted and ran his own trapline to help put food on the table.

Anaxias—with the eye of shaman?—Mau has

made the leap from collaborations with avant-garde dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov to the Toronto Maple Leafs (he created the great mammals of igloo-fans at the Art Canada Centre). The one constant in his career is transformation. It began at high-school graduation when he checked electronics training to go back and take an extra year of art, the precursor to a tempestuous 18-month stint—the rebel from the boomer—at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto. From there on, each project had to be life-shattering in order to be tackled. The birth six years ago of the first of three daughters with wife Bisi Williams has provoked some introspection—"Ten learning to take my place in line," Mau says. But

further life has not altered the desire to challenge the perception of his time.

"We produce things no one else does"

This month saw him publish *Life Style*, a 626-page Marshall McLuhan-style collage of imagery and observations as seen through the work of Bruce Mau Design. Earlier this year, he won (with Koolhaas) the international competition to create a 320-acre urban park on the old Downsview military base in suburban Toronto. "Downsview was a declaration we couldn't design a definitive park," says Mau cheerfully. So his team went back in time and devised a plan to plant and plow the old base under, repeatedly, to return the soil to what it was before the military arrived, to prepare it for the circles of trees that Mau envisions and the natural evolution that will come. It is a plan for a neighbourhood also in a kind of real-life transition. And a park for a hip cat who grew up in a forest performance art with nature holding the palette.

Robert Sheppard

Photo: Andy
for The Star
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Ann Willcocks



Ann Willcocks,
by Deane Fleming
in Burnaby, B.C.

It's mid-morning at Burnaby North Secondary School and principal Ann Willcocks is cracking up on unfinished business. She has summoned Grade 11 student Miss Chandler, who steps tentatively into her office. "I'm just so proud of you," Willcocks says. The school finished second last month in a provincial swim meet, and Chandler placed in the top five in four events. For the next 10 minutes, no one in the principal's world is more important. At the 16-year-old swimmer to class, Willcocks seems rejuvenated. "They're so focused," she says, "you feel lucky to be working with them."

Burnaby North, with more than 2,600 ethnically diverse students, is the second-largest high school in British Columbia. Willcocks considers her September transfer here the latest step in a career of lucky accidents—beginning with a decision, at a new teacher in her native England, to move North America. She walked into Canada House in London in 1967 hoping for temporary work to underwrite her travel. She walked out with a teaching job in the Vancouver suburb of Burnaby. "I didn't even know where Vancouver was," she recalls. Willcocks arrived in Centennial Year, landed in Montreal for Expo 67, then gained a main-window lesson in Canadian geography on the long trip to the west coast.

Visiting the rest of North America would take time. "I just fell in love with B.C.," says Willcocks, who became a citizen in 1988. "One year led into another, and before I knew it, it was 38 years gone in the flash of an eye." Administration was another accident: Willcocks shifted from head of physical education to fill in for a vice-principal who was ill. She then discovered team building of another sort.

Willcocks is unmarried and without children—"I guess I never had time." Her evenings and weekends are filled with school activities and sports events. Or with curling—a distant cousin of basketball and a popular wintertime sport in some Commonwealth countries. She has introduced it to local schools with missionary zeal and is coach of Canadian national teams. As with teaching, the reward is watching a team grow. "I've just been very, very lucky to always be with wonderful people who have worked closely in a team," she says. "I've had their expertise to guide me along."

Sharon Casdoff of the B.C. Principals' and Vice-principals' Association credits Willcocks with helping to develop the province's model Student Leadership program, raising such extracurricular activities as student council, fund-raising or assembly organizing into a credit course. School life is enriched and students gain skills in time management, public speaking, event planning and guestroom building.

"It's probably the best course I've ever taken," says Burnaby North student-council president Jason Kelvin, 17. "Miss Willcocks is awesome. She lets us do pretty much what we want—and she trusts what we do. And, we pretty much always exceed her expectations." A case in point is what Kelvin calls "the best Remembrance Day ceremony in Burnaby North history." It was powerful and poignant—from the veterans who spoke to the choir's rendition of *Danny Boy*. It took three assemblies to accommodate the school population. Says Willcocks: "I cried every time."

'I've just been very lucky to be with wonderful people'

Ken MacQuinn

Barenaked Ladies

There's something funny about the Barenaked Ladies. Always has been. It started 12 years ago with the Toronto band's choice of that name and ready clothes like shirts and howling shirts.

And then there are the drill songs and goofy stage antics—all of which have endeared them to millions of fans around the world. But the Ladies' good humour isn't just schtick; it's an intrinsic quality that they nurtured up two years ago in deal with misfortune: Just after the quintet recorded its soon-to-be-a-mega-hit album *Stunt*, their keyboardist, Kevin Hearn, was diagnosed with leukemia. The 30-year-old, 31-year-old members' countless gestures of love and support from husband, friends, their families and everyone who works with the group. But the other Ladies also kept him laughing during his 18 months of serious illness. Just before a life-saving bone-marrow transplant from his brother, they "all phoned and sang 'Happy transplant to you' to the tune of *Happy Birthday*," he recalls. "They did a *New Year's Eve* show in Philadelphia and called me on a cellphone from the stage and had the whole audience cheer."

Hearn is now fully recovered and on the road with the band to promote its new album, *Monsters*. Barenaked Ladies tours have become triumphal marches through the major venues of North America, but the group—formed in 1988 by singer-guitarist Steven Page and Ed Robertson, now both 30—barely has its bearings. A few hours before showtime recently at the Arnie Amphitheatre in West Palm Beach, Fla., the scene backstage is anything but the stereotypical seven

deadly sins of rock 'n' roll. Drummer (and married father) Tyler Stewart, 33, is preparing to work out on the exercise machines that travel with the band. Bass player Jim Creeggan, 30, has his yoga teacher with him. A blue bedspread is laid out on a patch of grass so that Robertson's wife, Natalie Herbert, and their two young children can hang out with Page's spouse, Carolyn Rickman, and their two little ones. "We're all pretty good boys when it comes right down to it," says Stewart. "We were all raised properly."

Once the Ladies take the stage at 8:30 on this balmy Florida night, they engage in a two-hour love-in with 6,000 fans. Many hold signs wishing Robertson a happy 30th birthday. Among the dozens of people accompanied by children is Weston, Fla., podiatrist Eric Weinstein, who's there with his wife, their 13-year-old son and

11-year-old daughter. "The Barenaked Ladies are good, clean-cut fun," he says. But in the crowd sings along to old and new songs, the band proves its playfulness can have a cutting edge. Between tunes, when Robertson wonders out loud why the Ladies continue to dwell in the cold north, Page offers: "We just don't love guns enough to live down here."

After the show, the musicians chat with fans who have won contests to meet them. The Ladies clearly enjoy talking to people who have helped make them Canada's most internationally successful band right now. Then, at 1 a.m., they board their buses for the 3½-hour drive to Orlando. The next night there will be more worthwhile fans—and more Barenaked wackiness and warmth.

Patricia Hruby

Hubert Reeves

In a darkened suburban Montreal classroom, Hubert Reeves, the internationally renowned Quebec astrophysicist, stands before a rapt audience. The 40 kindergarten students fidget constantly, but their eyes are glued to Reeves's slide shows. Each time a planet, comet or star appears on the screen, they go "ahhhhh!" Reeves, 66, is one of the world's leading experts on the big bang theory—that the universe began some 15 billion years ago with a fiery explosion. But here at École Nouvelle Quebec's elementary school, the five-foot, four-inch intellectual giant with the white beard and wispy hair is simply an unassuming guest speaking to his grandson's class.

Reeves has a flair for making complex information understandable—even to five-year-olds. In addition to publishing 10 books, the Montreal-born Reeves has become a popular figure in France, where he lives 10 months a year and appears frequently on television and in lecture halls. "I never imagined that I would become a popstar," he says later. When he published his first book, which explored the geography and history of the universe, 30 publishers turned him down. "They told me, 'Astronomy doesn't interest anybody,'" recalls Reeves. He proved otherwise. He eventually found a Parisian publisher for *Parvenir dans l'univers* (*Attains of Silence: An Exploration of Cosmic Evolution*). Released in 1982, the book was an enormous success, selling more than one million copies in 25 languages. That and subsequent best-seller have led to major literary and other awards in France and Canada.

Reeves showed a passion for science growing

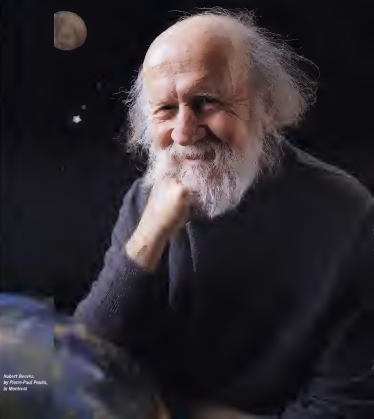
up in Montreal. At 16, he secured a summer job at Harvard University's observatory near Cambridge, Mass. "It was fantastic to spend my nights observing the sky," he recalls. Later, Reeves obtained degrees from the Université de Montréal and McGill University before heading to Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y., where he earned his doctorate in nuclear astrophysics in 1960. This was the nascent period of the American space program, and Reeves juggled teaching duties at the Université de Montréal with work as a consultant for NASA's Institute for Space Studies in New York City. In 1964, he moved his family and four children to Europe

for a teaching job in Belgium. A year later, he became director of research at the prestigious Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique in Paris.

Reeves links his work on the big bang theory to that of a historian. "It's really an extraordinary story to be able to go back to the first second of the universe," he says. Reeves retired last

year, but remains active in all aspects of academia. Every spring and fall, he returns to Quebec to visit family and give academic lectures. The rest of the year, Reeves and his wife divide their time between a home in Paris and a farm in Burgundy where they sometimes sequester. His face crinkles into a smile on the subject of Venus, his favorite planet. At nightfall in a slightly bluish sky, the glowing planet is an extraordinary spectacle, he says. "It's a very intense feeling when you're alone before the sky," adds Reeves. "I find it really a very profound sensation."

Brenda Branswell



Hubert Reeves,
by Pierre-Paul Poitras,
in Montreal

Tales wise and woeful

By Brian Bethune

Some 200 children and adults are anxiously awaiting author Lemony Snicket when a man leaps up from the back of the audience. "Mr. Snicket, you got come, I'm afraid," he calls out, raising his way to the stage at Toronto's Young People's Theatre. "It's actually a bad thing that has happened, very sad indeed. He went on a picnic and he was bitten by a bug. Now he's paralyzed. I've come in his place." David Handley, aka Lemony Snicket—one of the hottest assassins in children's literature—is in his element, keeping his audience off-balance and laughing helplessly for an



Handley and fan
laughing phenomenon

More than ever, young readers can choose from an array of sophisticated books

hour. Or perhaps it's less to say one of his elements: the 30-year-old American with the haunting face is a unique phenomenon—a superb visual writer with the soul of a born actor. "It's a new thing," says Phyllis Simon, co-owner of Vancouver's Kotexbooks, "in how an author who can deliver the goods not just on the page but in person."

In the past Harry Potter has won that will last another year: the tens of thousands of nine- to 13-year-olds brought to reading by J.K. Rowling's boy wizard still have books gazing at number and sophistication thus ever before to choose from. They include Handley-Snicket's hilariously macabre *Series of Unfortunate Events*, which, with the recent publication of *The A Series of Unfortunate Events* (\$13.95), has now reached the alternative title, and British writer Philip Pullman's masterpiece, *The Amber Spyglass* (Knopf, \$29.95). European Canadian novels include those by CBC veteran Bill

Richardson, Newfoundland author Janet McNaughton and Governor General's Award winner Deborah Ellis.

Handley is a prime example of children's literature's growing cross-generational appeal. His novels about the misadventures of the three Baudelaire children—orphans by their parents' death in a fire, shunned from one orphanage to the next, and eventually orphaned by their distant guardian, the evil Count



Olaf—have brought him an audience of university students as well as children. "I just had my first interview with a goth magazine," he told *Maclean's* with mock pride in a recent interview.

The reporter's name was Supervision. The author, who has also published adult novels, uses the same approach for different age groups. "I don't write down to kids," says Handley, who lives in San Francisco with his wife, Lisa Brown, a designer and

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Children revel in Handler's world of utter adult fatuity, while grown-ups love the literary references

Illustrate "They get most of my jokes, they know not so much as I do. They even recognize the names, eventually."

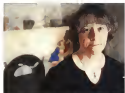
The novel's literary references, from the French poet who lost his name to the opium to Staelen's Dante-esque last love, Baines, are part of the appeal for adults. (There are too high-minded to banish as well—Klaus and Nancy Bruchacine take their names from the principal in the hand van Balow attempted murder case of the 1980s.) Adults and children alike love the absurdist humor. When baby Nancy, described as "charming and well-toothed," has a fight with an unsavory adult, with a small blade, the struggle reminds another Staelen: "of a needle I was forced to have with a television repairman not long ago."

Kids on the other side of puberty also find it "side-splittingly funny," says Toronto bookseller Jenny Kahn, "to read about someone having a harder life than they are." They can also read in a world of utter adult fatuity. The grown-ups come in two varieties: well-meaning but ineffectual, or evil and slightly more capable. Handler, who has the feel of an author's gift of seemingly perfect recall of how he felt as a child, bases his adult characters on his own memories. "I remember learning to swim very young and the teacher saying 'swim to me, swim to me.' When I did I could not let my legs back. Most kids have experience of someone lying to them."

Handler says he enjoys Canada, and not only because in Vancouver and Toronto he has drawn his biggest crowds anywhere. There is just something about the country that makes a deep chord in the writer's soul. "I have often," he says, "visibly weeping, told the accented, 'Seiches,' my books seem to me quizzically Canadian in their portrayal of a chilly and hopeless world that

is indifferent as to whether you're going to be happy or not." Perhaps his Canadian face recognizes a kindred spirit.

At an entirely opposite pole from Larney Staelen's neurotic, but enjoyed by many of the same fans, is Philip Pullman's trilogy, *His Dark Materials*, now brought to a triumphant conclusion by *The Amber Spyglass*. From its beginning in *The Golden Compass* (1996), set in a world of humans whose souls exist out



McNughton, her subtle prose is powered by deep anger

side their bodies in the shape of animals, the series has been endlessly reviewed and philosophically ambivalent. The 34-year-old British author's story is nothing less than a reworking of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, this time from the side of the rebel angels, those trying to overthrow the Authority, known to most people as God. "All the history of human life has been a struggle between wisdom and stupidity," one rebel says. "We have always tried to open minds, the Authority and his churches have always tried to keep them closed."

Pullman is adamantly opposed to not just organized religion, but to any claim that is something better than our present existence. Earthly life is all that is, so far as good or evil. Even angels enjoy torturing their bodies. "I use the flesh-and-blood

metaphor to reverse the traditional rankings that have bedeviled 'Western thought for 2,000 years,' Pullman told *Maclean's*, "but above our bodies there is some higher realm of pure spirit. I want to remind people that our bodies are the source of all wisdom, pleasure and experience."

Then the dust on them off only dust, not trapped in the endless limbs in which the Authority imprisons them until they are freed by Pullman's two child protagonists, Will and Lyra. More accurate yet is the moment when Will and Lyra suddenly feel—at, in some readers' minds, delirium—the Authority himself.

"That scene has been wildly misinterpreted," notes an angry Pullman. "What is happening there is that the idea of God, as a benevolent despot, which has been kept alive as long as possible in the class by those who benefit from it, is given a real release."

Whatever the higher symbolism of the novel, the powerful story and memorable characters mean they are read by children as young as 11. "A child can read it, completely enjoy it, without making it would help to read Milton," says bookseller Kahn. And whatever readers might make of Pullman's religious views, there is no missing the fearful expression of his own moral vision, which provides the amazing spirit for what is arguably the finest children's fantasy ever written.

Even the Bruchacine orphanage might hesitate to switch places with Rhyber, the 11-year-old mistress of Deborah Ellis's Governor General's Award-winning *Looking for Xanadu* (1998, \$7.95). Rhyber lives with her single mother, a former entrepreneur, and her five-year-old twin

autism brother in a public housing complex in downtown Toronto. It may sound like a recipe for a dusty exercise in crisscrossing-reversing. But Ellis, a first-time novelist and Toronto mental

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Books

health consultant, has made a slender story come alive with the anecdotal charm of Khyber.

A highly intelligent, somewhat naive and feverishly loyal child, Khyber was struck with a birth name "so unacceptably horrible that I shall never speak it, not even under torture." Serke calls herself after the *Alphidromer*—can you guess the plot to visit one day? Khyber knows perfectly well that a chronic lack of money rules her life, but she more than makes do with her loving mother and powerful imagination. And with friends like X, the alien homeless woman, clearly mentally ill, who frequents a nearby park bench. When X disappears, Khyber sets out on a dangerous all-night search for her friend along Yonge Street. Looking for X has its flaws, notably an ending that seems too happy, but its young protagonist will linger in readers' minds.

Far from the mean streets of present-day Toronto, CBC broadcaster Bill Richardson goes to the heart of ancient fairy tales with *After Havelock* (Attack, \$9.95). The story is begun by 101-year-old Pendrake, who suddenly went deaf 90 years earlier. This was just in time to avoid the fate of all the other children of Havelock village, uprooted away from their homes and families by the Pied Piper. Local man Cuckoo tells the child that she can save the others with her gift of Deep Deserving—an ability to travel in her dreams. Pendrake enters into the assembly makes when the Piper dwells, enduring the toil of a milking cow, a three-legged dog, a sleeping dragon and a singing Tolstoyan (a kind of game hedgehog with wings).

Richardson has deftly crafted two very different voices for his narrative, one belonging to 11-year-old Pendrake, who tells the story of the rescue, the other for her elderly self who speaks of current events. The quest for the live children is exciting but daunting, a tale

of bravery, loyalty and sacrifice that seems slightly surreal. But the strongest contemporary of 101-year-old Pendrake is a clear-eyed marvel, full of hard-won wisdom and bitter-sweet memories. Unlike the child, the woman knows that pain, sorrow and loss are human constants, and it's her story that makes *After Havelock* so remarkable.

In *The Secret Under My Skin* (HarperCollins, \$14.95), St. John's author Janet McNaughton has written a superb novel set in 2008, in the wake of large-scale environmental and social breakdowns. Captured by the repressive authorities, street child Ray Rayne begins the story in a labor camp. It's a fine ladder that due partly to many abandoned children, summarily dispatched by death squads. By chance she is picked up by an aide to the local bio-industry, whose activity to sustain makes her the human equivalent of a catalyst in a cool case. Ray's new job

brings the teenager for the first time into a world of possibilities—of learning, resistance and even love.

Norads of ecological dystopias are far from uncommon, but there are not as many here. For one, the environment is actually recovering by the point, and it is the rising anti-technology Communism, who have a vested interest in not acknowledging the impermanence, who are the forces of darkness. And there is the author's exceptionally subtle grace, powered by McNaughton's deep anger, which comes through all the more effectively for being kept under tight reins. The social and physical disease Ray experienced on the street is merely hinted at, and the work of the death squads—much of it done to harbor organs—is never openly described. Dark, complex and sophisticated indeed, *The Secret Under My Skin* is one of the year's finest children's novels. ■



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Entertainment Notes

Edited by Susan Oh

Shared laughter, shared memories

Screenwriter Bernard Slade was recently surrounded by dozens of distinguished friends and guests, including Pamela Wilson and Gordon Pinsent, at a private party in his honour in Toronto. The *St. Catharines*, Ont.-born creator of the Broadway hit and film *Some Time, Next Year*, as well as the TV series *The Flying Nun* and *The Partridge Family*, was celebrating the release of his memoirs *Shared Laughter*. But Slade, who has lived in Los Angeles since 1964, remembers when Toronto wasn't so welcoming. "I was out of place," says the 70-year-old writer, who first moved to the city at 18 in 1948 after a childhood divided between Canada and Britain. "I didn't know it at the time, but the first seven TV plays I wrote were all about loneliness." But, adds Slade, who has two children with his wife of nearly 50 years, Canadian actor Jill Fournier. "Almost all of the plays I've written since have been about friendship."

His friendships—with Hollywood legends like Jack Lemmon, Carol Burnett and Dick Van Dyke, as well as Toronto actors Barbara Hamilton and Cherrise



The Partridge Family: one of Slade's TV creations

King—figure heavily in his lighthearted book. It gives a gentle and intense peek at his childhood with his eccentric British-born parents, Bessie and Fred, as well as his tales of a madcap life in TV and theatre. "It's a collection of the anecdotes I've told all my life," laughs Slade. Slade's starring old friends, and likely to win over new ones.

Noteworthy recordings

"It was as if I was hit by a truck, a musical truck." The vehicle in question was Beethoven's piano sonatas, and the "victim" was Vancouver's Robert Silverman. The award-winning musician, called "a pioneer of importance and high-minded purpose" by *The New York Times*, had already recorded a number of the sonatas—in considerable acclaim—in his impressive career. But in 1996, after he'd finished a five-year stint as director of the School of

Music at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, he decided he needed a major project to "celebrate my newfound freedom." In October, the Vancouver label Orpheus Music released Silverman's 10-CD set of the 32 sonatas—the first recording of the works by a Canadian in 25 years, and the first ever by a Canadian-born artist. The 62-year-old's favourite among them? *Opus 109*, one of the last sonatas, which "just teaches me in a way that none of the others do, from the first note to the last."

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Entertainment Notes

Story of an obsession

An ounce of gold can be drawn into a wire 90 feet long or beaten into a thin sheet that covers nine square metres. And as economic consultant Peter Bernheim's *body history: The Power of Gold* (Wiley & Sons) points out, almost all the gold ever mined to still around—in religious beheading, religious objects, in the pillars of central banks, lying in shipwrecks or on people's toes, fingers and such. Gathered into a lump, all the gold in the world would raise an magnificent 115,000 metric tons. The yellow metal's beauty, rarity, impermanence on earth, and malleability made it ideally suited for its historic role as the globe's ultimate collateral. Gold's lustre has dimmed in recent decades as the U.S. dollar took over some of its former currency, but Bernheim is by no means sure gold's time has passed forever.



Best Sellers

Fiction	2000
1. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	1
2. AMY'S HONEY, Michael Ondaatje (1)	2
3. WINTER'S HEART, Karen Joy Fowler (3)	3
4. BLOOD SWEET, The Graceland, Jonathan Safran Foer (2)	4
5. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	5
6. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	6
7. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	7
8. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	8
9. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	9
10. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	10
11. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	11
12. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	12
13. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	13
14. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	14
15. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	15
16. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	16
17. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	17
18. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	18
19. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	19
20. THE DUNE CHRONICLES, Margaret Atwood (2)	20

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ROGERS MEDIA



Allan Fotheringham

Which one will survive?

Richard Gwyn, the veteran *Toronto Star* columnist, recently made a trip to his native England after a long absence away. Gwyn, who had to buy his way out of the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst when as a youth he decided he didn't want to be an army officer, has come to an astonishing conclusion.

He decided, after reading several of London's 10 national dailies, that Toronto and Canadian newspaper readers are getting better quality. Arguably he may have been right. The quality, and the truth—fueled by Rupert Murdoch, the Daily Telegraph from Down Under—has been debated from over 10 years ago on what used to be Fleet Street.

The reason for the increased quality and readability of Toronto's press is, of course, due to the Paper Wars. The city has now four or five nationally battling papers—two of them fighting for the national market. It's nonsense, naturally. New York, with three times the population of Toronto, is now down to three papers.

Toronto cannot last with five, but it's fun for the reader—while it continues. (It has scribbled, as can be imagined, operators with a clear conflict of interest in this controversy, being a winner for one of the five.)

The Paper Wars have been fuelled by Lord Alton, Conrad Black, the Don Quixote of journalism who wishes to rule and conquer Canada while living abroad, a most wonderful concept. The birth of a national paper—a very good paper—two years ago set off a dual that will end, as always, with one dead.

There is, you see, *five papers* the paper of record, *The Globe and Mail*, fondly known as the *Map* and *Pat*, or the *Globe* and *Pat*. There is Conrad's invention, the *National Post*, fondly known as the *National Post*. The one thing that is known is that any Toronto businessman who tries to read both papers will not get to work until 11 a.m.

The reason readers are served better, as Gwyn knows, is because the threat of the *Post* has made the *Globe* a better paper, shaken out of its superior attitude. And the *Post* is invigorated, knowing that it has become a threat.

There is *The Toronto Star*, the biggest circulation in the territory because Huggins women buy it for its ads, looking for bargains. It no longer has Pierre Berton or Ron Huggins as a "main read" columnist, now for those readers who love the language and have Dubois Camp, the best cryptic mill. It is going sideways.



In some trouble is the staid *Toronto Sun*, with no double-breasted daily Page 3 girl. It has lost its best feature, Christie Blanchford, to the *Post*, who writes longer than a Florida court judgment, and fluctuates between laying out its every column every single personal emotion she can coax. Another prominent columnist (where) has fled lately.

The *Sun* has a dreadful problem with its slowest headliners, Quebecers, with senior executives running the paper from its front Montreal on an irregular basis, and morale is in the Dumpster. Brian Mulroney, appeared in an month ago to lead a search committee for a new successor to CEO Paul Godfrey, can't seem to find one.

And so we have the *Globe* and the *Post*, both losing money because they are spending so much money fighting each other. In the new circulation war, the *Globe* found its circulation some 16 per cent higher than the *Post*, the *Post* pointing out that it was the fastest-growing paper in Canada.

More pertinent to those of us keeping our heads down in the trenches is the subject of corporate owners. BCE, which is about to take over CTV, will control the *Globe* (via Ager's CanWest empire now owns 50 per cent of the *Post*)—Canada, while waiting to dictate Canadian affairs, now no longer wants to own all of it.

The question, naturally, is whether good Liberalism and his smart son will want to continue the Murdoch-inspired *Post* *Sun* style of making the *Post* more a propaganda machine on its front page and elsewhere than a mere dispenser of news. It's fun to read, but the bias becomes a little tiresome.

Neither BCE, nor *Post*, one suggests, will shade down their casual debits while chasing the same advertising dollar. Just as Canada is too small to support two national airlines, at 5 a.m., the Toronto advertising market is too small to support two national papers.

All I know is that in two-three years there will be no *Map* or *Pat* but just one national newspaper, one of the dailies having outlasted. Most likely the *Post* will never see a five national Sunday newspaper like the *Sunday Times* of London—badly needed—or go back to its roots as a daily financial paper, as in *The Wall Street Journal*.

The *Globe* will survive, supreme again. I am, as it often is, completely objective.

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